

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

Vol. 7, No. 4

The Sheppard Publishing Co., (Ltd.) Proprietors.
Office—No. 9 Adelaide Street West.

TORONTO, DECEMBER 16, 1893.

TERMS: Single Copies, 5c.
Per Annum (in advance), \$2. Whole No. 316

Around Town.

At the Ministerial Association last Monday Rev. Dr. Thomas had a paper ready on City Government. The brethren got wrangling over something else and the doctor came high being crowded out, against which he protested most lustily. However, the reverend pastor of the Jarvis street Baptist church was finally heard and much that he said was valuable, particularly the paragraph in which he said, "There are three classes of aldermen who must be given their quietus, the hopelessly incompetent, the suspiciously impetuous and the incorrigibly visionary." However, there was nothing in his paper as reported to compare with the straight and striking phrases used by the Rev. G. M. Milligan in his sermon a couple of weeks ago, when he dressed down the religious and other frauds who practice their humbuggery upon the pious elector. Dr. Thomas has the advantage of representing a church which insists upon paying its taxes. If he had courage according to his surroundings he might make a very conspicuous figure in ministerial politics, but his trouble has been that he is apologetic rather than aggressive and deals in generalities when something more pointed is necessary.

I cannot but admire the distinctly courageous stand taken by Bro. Milligan in his sermon a week ago last Sunday. He got right down to the core of it, and those who read and listen to him are beginning to feel that experience is developing in him a radical and distinct opinion which will ultimately be an influence in this city. I have often criticized Bro. Milligan heretofore as being eccentric and spasmodic, with a tendency to forget what he said on previous occasions, yet no one more than I have done has watched his utterances with greater interest or awaited the development of a man who was evidently a student inclined, occasionally to crude conclusions in such matters as are not directly within his province. I imagine that clergymen are not aware of how closely they are watched, how their utterances of to-day are compared with those of yesterday. If they were aware that congregations are quick to seize upon any point referring to their duties as citizens they would be more circumspect in promulgating queer theories. On entirely spiritual matters the clergy can do almost as they like, for their hearers yield that province to them and believe themselves incapable of judging, but when they drop out of the clouds and begin to talk business the pews are full of thought and it is then the parson has to be careful.

There is much in Dr. Thomas's paper which deserves attention, but his generalities will never reform the municipal politics of Toronto. He himself is a generalist, his utterances are generalities. His sermons make one feel as if a gentle zephyr from a pleasant place was stirring the air of the church, and his polysyllabic descriptions of beatific conditions for a moment uplift the hearer, yet when you go home you forget what it was all about, and his paper on City Government is much the same. As one reads the report of it there is a not too disturbing sensation that the doctor is right, but what it is all about finds no lodgment, and no motive force is provided for the cure of civic evils. What we want is to be shown what to do. The people must be led, not preached at, and the leader must have something better than a manuscript filled with big words. Even big ideas would be better; mere polysyllables are useless.

It must puzzle the ordinary reader of the newspapers to understand what the Anarchists are after. The ordinary comprehension cannot grasp the meaning, if there be any, of bomb-throwing and the dreadful mutilations and unforeseen results accompanying the use of deadly missiles in places where all manner of people are assembled. After all, it is only carrying to its logical conclusion the too prevalent doctrine that it does not matter what happens as long as it does not happen to us. Members of city councils, legislatures and parliaments seem always willing to throw commercial bombs; speculators are not unwilling to see disasters occur if it strengthens their stocks or weakens those of opponents. Socially we have plenty of dynamitards who are never loath to toss a bomb into some little select set into which they have been denied the *entree*. As I understand anarchy, it is the desire to demonstrate that government as at present practiced is no good and that the human family would be wise to revert to original conditions and at that point reorganize. If this be the case we may see many instances of anarchy in every government in the world. All the German governments have their socialists, social democrats and sectarians of a half a dozen sorts. France has organized the same elements under different names; so has Spain; England has its Radicals, the United States its Anarchists, Fenians and other sects hostile to law and order. In Canada we have disturbers who care nothing for Government and some of them have shown themselves quite willing to use dynamite. It might be wise for the world to look at the subject in a larger way than it has hitherto been accustomed to regard it, and enquire what is the meaning of anarchy.

Independence in politics has hitherto meant political ostracism, disappointment and defeat. Independence in religious matters has meant the same. A man must be either orthodox

or an infidel; he must take communion or be consigned to hell by the ecclesiastics. The result has certainly been within the lines laid down by the authorities. Amongst those who are self-confident or those who have reason for the faith or unfaith that is in them, the disturbance has been slight, but amongst the ignorant the continual expulsions from all kinds of orthodox has organized a body of men and women who do not understand anything except that they have grievance. They feel that they have been ill-treated, they know that they are without hope of being re-instated, they see no reason for their isolation, and having nothing to do but quarrel with the rest of mankind they devote themselves to schemes of retaliation and the organization of methods for showing how little they care for life, no matter whether that feature of creation called life belongs to them or somebody else. That such a class of people should throw all sorts of bombs,

tion. The poor man on the other hand says, "I cannot make enough to pay my excessive taxes and keep my family, consequently I must be sold out. How am I to get even? Simply by loading a bomb with old iron and horse-shoe nails and dynamite, and throwing it into the midst of the assemblies that pretend to represent the people." Thus, the business man's protest is his silence, his abstention from civic and general politics; he feels that things are too desperate to be remedied by his personal interference. The poor man's desperation takes a different turn. The rich man's attitude destroys government because he withdraws himself as an integral factor: the poor man feeling that he won't be missed if he withdraws himself, takes the aggressive. The result is the same, damage to everybody. It is better to blow a man's leg off with a bomb than to break his heart by carelessness and the cruel cynicism which is after all preparing the world for disaster. The well-to-do

other way. But why should not lodges contribute their share of influence? Outside of the churches they accomplish more than any other human organizations to minister to the sick, relieve the destitute and provide cheap insurance that will save widows and orphans from penury. That fast friendships are formed there and the goodness and strength of men are developed we should be glad. It is, after all, a cheap sneer to say that the lodges support bad men. Men who meet one another once or twice a month are apt to know the inner hearts of each other better than those of us who look on and make fun of lodge influences. As a matter of fact, however, lodges have mighty little to do with elections. Freemasons, for instance, occupy the highest position of all secret societies, yet I do not know of a single candidate for any sort of public place in the gift of the people who ever successfully used Masonry to advance his interest. It is not a society that is for a

If a man is not acceptable to the churches he is either denounced as an infidel or his character is whispered away by those who think they are doing God's service to slander a man out of public life. If the Ministerial Association desires to get at the truth of these matters let them examine the records of the men who have been elected because of religious preferences, and they will see how meaningless is all this talk about the influence of the "lodges." So absolute has this power become that in the mayoralty contest this year we see two Methodist local preachers both aspiring to the office of Chief Magistrate. It is doubtful if either of them belongs to a lodge of any kind, and it is quite as doubtful if either of them could have obtained their present prominence had it not been for church influences. I would not for a moment have it thought that I am opposed to religious men for the chief places in our midst, but I am certainly opposed to men being given such places who have no other qualification than their fluency in a class-meeting and their pull with their co-religionists.

The Ministerial Association being so much interested in politics should, I believe, bring out a mayoralty candidate of their own and take some steps towards nominating aldermen. If we are to have a preacher of any kind for mayor, let us have one who is distinguished as such and is a good business man to boot. I am still in favor of Rev. Dr. Potts for mayor; he is a man with the personal presence, the dignity of character and the business ability to fill the chair with the greatest possible acceptance to the majority of citizens. If we are to have a preacher let us have the best combination of piety and ability that is available. Dr. Potts is an organizer of great ability; he is a financier and has the confidence of the community. I think he is without doubt an abler man than either of those in the field, and if it has come to the point once reached by Florence of having a sort of a Theocracy, let us make our Savonarola out of the very best material at hand.

I notice that the City Engineer is very anxious to begin his tunnel under the lake in order to bring in a more attenuated dilution of sewage for city consumption. How long is this waterworks folly to last? As soon as the people have got the taste of the preposterous canal scheme out of their mouths I have no doubt that they will turn to Lake Simcoe for their water and their power. Some people say that Lake Simcoe water is not pure, yet if anybody is anxious to sell ice in Toronto they call it Lake Simcoe ice. There is no doubt in the world that Lake Simcoe water is as pure as water can be, and it will be wisdom for Toronto to get their supply from there, inasmuch as while bringing the water down they can make this the manufacturing center of all Canada. If we do not do this, what is there to make Toronto advance? How can we hope to fill our empty houses and erect buildings on the vacant lands adjoining the sewers and block pavements built by the wildcat investors of the past and largely paid for out of the city's purse? There should be no haste about undertaking a tunnel under the lake. Let us be sensible and make arrangements to let water run downhill and our first expenditure, or the first expenditure of a company that may be given the privilege of filling our reservoirs, will be the final expense, subject to the breaking down of no engines, the caving in of no brick tunnel under the bay, and we will have a fire pressure sufficiently great to throw water over the highest building in Toronto or vicinity, something we have not now and never will have while we pump our water.

It is a great pity that public speakers sometimes so lose themselves in the excitement of the occasion and are so led away by the applause of their hearers as to employ phrases which, while they tickle the ear of those present, make it difficult for the whole political party, strive how they may, to explain them away. Sir John Thompson's use of the "Black Tarte and Yellow Martin" no doubt produced shouts of laughter and "prolonged applause," but all the Conservative newspapers in the Dominion are now trying to explain what he meant and the Grit newspapers are quite as busily engaged in pointing out that the whole Orange body received an insult from the lips of the Premier. I cannot see very much sense in the phrase myself, for tarts are not generally black, and if this particular Tarte is black neither is his character injured nor a speech strengthened by the use of adjectives. With regard to the "Yellow Martin," the newspapers have demonstrated that there is neither beast nor bird of the martin species which is yellow, and the Orangemen are left to think that it was a sneer at their color and creed. However this may be, it was an undiplomatic and uncalled-for outbreak of unstatesmanlike temper, and as the Orangemen of Ontario must be Sir John Thompson's supporters or he will be defeated at the polls, it is a great pity that, like Dr. Burchard, he has said something that will be so hard to explain away.

No matter how some of us may have differed with him while he lived, there is no individual or section of the community that does not sincerely regret the death of ex-Mayor W. H. Howland. He had a lofty ideal, a kind heart and a generous hand. Conspicuously handsome, sweet-voiced and gentle in his manner, he was loved by thousands who will not find an opportunity to express their sorrow, but

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MR. H. N. SHAW, B.A.
Principal of the Conservatory School of Elocution.

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should delight in mutilation and disturbance, is just as natural as that the morning glory should open when the sun smiles on the vine.

In our own municipal politics we are developing a class of anarchists who are more dangerous than bomb-throwers. It has been decided by public opinion—and its decree is stronger than any act of parliament—that this city must possess as its chief magistrate a man whose habit is to offer prayer and very little else. Dropping out the retiring councillors, we will probably have the worst lot of aldermen that could be scraped together with a fine-tooth comb in the whole city. The best class of people in Toronto have become municipal anarchists; they do not care what happens so long as it does not increase the taxes beyond their capacity of paying; they feel that if they interfere in politics it will take so much time and trouble and money that they can better afford to devote themselves during this period to their own business, pay the excessive rate and have nothing to do with the dirty mess. This is nothing but anarchy. The bomb-thrower is as innocent as the man who refuses to assist in the regeneration of any sort of politics. There is no desperation more dangerous to the community than that of the man who says, "I can make enough in two weeks to pay my excessive taxes; I can get more peace of mind by staying at home and minding my own business, and if the poor who cannot make enough to keep their end even have to suffer, that is their funeral, not mine." This is a phase of municipal desper-

ation. The poor man on the other hand says, "I cannot make enough to pay my excessive taxes and keep my family, consequently I must be sold out. How am I to get even? Simply by loading a bomb with old iron and horse-shoe nails and dynamite, and throwing it into the midst of the assemblies that pretend to represent the people." Thus, the business man's protest is his silence, his abstention from civic and general politics; he feels that things are too desperate to be remedied by his personal interference. The poor man's desperation takes a different turn. The rich man's attitude destroys government because he withdraws himself as an integral factor: the poor man feeling that he won't be missed if he withdraws himself, takes the aggressive. The result is the same, damage to everybody. It is better to blow a man's leg off with a bomb than to break his heart by carelessness and the cruel cynicism which is after all preparing the world for disaster. The well-to-do

moment intended to further the political or personal aims of any member. The Forsters, the A. O. U. W., the Royal Arcanum, the Select Knights of Canada, the Oddfellows, and a dozen other beneficiary organizations are almost entirely devoted to the business aspect of their associations. Their aim is entirely social and fraternal in the sense of the insurance paid to the sick and to widows and orphans. The remainder of these associations, the Sons of England, the Sons of Scotland, the Orangemen, the Sons of Canada, have a special province, as they bring together men of similar nationality, or in one instance of similar religion. Yet their aims are largely beneficiary, and if it were not for the sick benefits and the helplessness of united action in that direction they would not be the powerful institutions which many of them are.

The lodge influence in elections in Toronto does not for a moment compare either in strength or danger to the community with the so called religious influences. The churches of Toronto are more prejudiced and act more unitedly to crush out people objectionable to them than all the combined lodges have ever done. It is an accepted saying in Toronto today that the man who can get the Roman Catholic and Methodist vote can have anything he wants. Oddly enough, these two churches are more apt to act as a unit than any others. They are as far apart as the poles in belief and discipline, but they have greater influence in elections than all the other churches put together.



BY FRANCIS MORRISON.

Her romance began at her window as the life story of several hundreds of dressmakers has, I suppose, begun at theirs. Perhaps it was the outline of her figure seen flickeringly behind the daisy pots, or perhaps it was the ceaseless whirr of her machine that attracted his attention. At any rate he looked across one day and she looked up, and their eyes met. Well, their eyes met, and nothing happened; the sky did not fall, the earth did not shake. What should occur when a starving journalist and a struggling dressmaker look at each other? And yet it seemed the event in the world to her, and to him things unutterable. You see when you have watched a person for upwards of six months, not ordinary watching, I mean, but a vigil over utter want and starvation, over gradual despair and creeping misery, you naturally take an interest in the object, and it becomes a trifle startling when you discover that this object has had his eye in secret upon you.

At least that was how the little dressmaker accounted to her own soul for the one burning blush which put the daisy tips to shame. And he, having read her sympathy for several months back in covert glances, became suddenly resentful when he beheld large-eyed compassion turned full upon him. He banged down the window and turned his back, which was rude. He fancied she would be hurt, and in future would keep her sympathy to herself, but when he looked again there she was unconsciously measuring an under-arm size with her mouth full of pins. It is seldom of any use to be angry with a woman.

You people don't know what heat in a back street is like; you can't possibly imagine it. The journalist used to think he was ten years ago when he flung his tennis racket aside and indulged in split pulleys, with his heels upon the back of the nearest garden seat. He could imitate the drawing of a cork pretty well and the subsequent rush of soda water, and when

unto the dressmaker and her mother. It was horribly awkward at first. The girl was quick to perceive the station of her visitor, but she was as proud as Lucifer and positively declined to allow him an inch more attention than she devoted to the mechanic. The journalist experienced a sense of repose as he watched her rocking to and fro, jipping the chair with the smallest of feet. The coils of her hair made him sleepy with memories, and the pricks on her first finger angered him. He experienced about a thousand sensations during the visit, and finally waking up pretended that he was in his mother's drawing-room again and enjoyed himself immensely. By and by the girl came over and sat beside him and left the mechanic sitting among the daisy pots with his eyes upon the ground.

Now place the two together—Gentleman and Man. Why, the very words suggest a heavy difference. Let us see clothes worn but well made—blue trousers, except Sundays, then fustian—fine soft mustache, pointed, hair oil and aubby beard, long hands, dainty about the nails, fingers spatulate, seldom quite clean, dark in the cracks—there, it's no use going on, you can guess very well that in time the dressmaker forgot to entertain the mechanic at all and became exclusively attached to the journalist, who—but we shall see.

One day her mother died, not a strange thing, as she was feeble and starved, but the dressmaker loved her, and when she at last put down the stiff, cold hands she laid her head upon the sill and sobbed as if her heart would break. It is a terrible thing to feel quite alone.

The two men at the window opposite turned and looked at each other as the little brown head fell forward into view.

"I'm going over," said the mechanic, with tears in his voice.

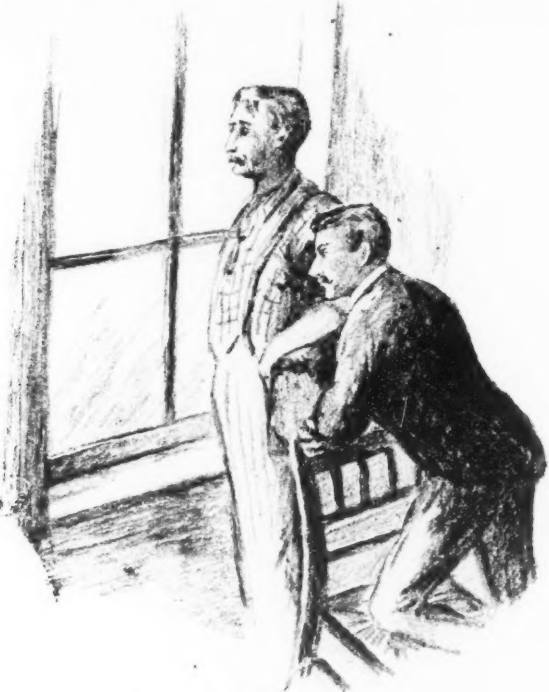
"Exactly what I was intending to do," remarked the journalist; "it's no use for both you know."

"I knew her first. I took you over," said the man, kicking the table leg and looking away.

The journalist pretended to misunderstand. "Well, and suppose you did. Anyone could have done that. I thought you'd like to," he spoke half reproachfully.

"Oh, that's all right. I did like to, but I'm going over now," and he moved towards the door.

The journalist sprang up with an angry word, but recovered himself immediately and sat down, sighing heavily. When the mechanic looked around, his friend's head was upon the table and his shoulders were shaking.



They looked across at her window.

In these dark days things became more than usually intolerable you might have heard him by the hour together, "Yock—swish—unk—unk." He tried to believe himself a philosopher, but like a good many of the rest of us found it impossible to allow his self-deception to get the better of his reason, which provoked him not a little. Sometimes when a bad way was on him he went into the street and watched the ladies in the carriages and the men on the pavement. He jeered at them—to himself of course—and called them contemptible fools, inanities of fashion, and all the time a mad desire would be upon him to pinch the cheeks of the driving dolls till they were black and blue, and dash in the shining toppers with a vindictive fist. Then he would go home and write those scathing, brilliant and cynically democratic articles which brought him much criticism and little wherewith to support it. It all seemed miserable and meagre enough, especially when his room-mate, a mechanic, clumped upstairs at six o'clock and hung his lunch pail upon a nail, and proceeded to get out the bread and cheese for supper. He (the mechanic) provided the supper and the rent and the candles and the fuel, besides lending an occasional dollar which was never returned, all for the privilege of living with a gentleman. He was a gentleman of nature himself, but lacked the well-bred ease which could sponge upon a poor man and the utter selfishness which disinclined to soil his hand with honest labor. This he was seeking hard to acquire by conversation and contact with the journalist. It seemed a pity he should be so blind. He had a reason, too; the mechanic was in love—with the dressmaker. He hoped to marry her some day, and was trying in his poor way to fit himself for the object of his affections, who seemed about a billion miles nearer the caste of the journalist than his own. He had spoken no word as yet, though he called upon her sometimes in the evenings and left clumsy bunches of flowers and a perceptible odor of cheese and tobacco in his wake.

After the clash of eyes at the window of course something had to be done one way or the other. So the gentleman strolled over with the man one evening and became known

The man at the door stood irresolutely with his hand upon the knob. He loved this gentleman, but how hard—

"Look here," he said huskily; "you can go."

He was alone, but he couldn't for the life of him help watching the little head. He saw it raise itself and turn towards the door, finger upon lip. He saw a sudden, glad smile break over the face and two arms flung out in welcome, and then—he turned sharply away with a sob and went out into the darkening streets.

To the dressmaker it seemed that loneliness was at an end. How fair and sweet dawned the morning in the summer of her happiness, though outside autumn rains fell ceaselessly. Even the parting with that dear mother lost half its bitterness when the news was whispered in her cold unheeding ear. When she was really gone, and the girl looked around the desolate room which would have been so dreary a week ago, there was her lover at the door to comfort and console her. For about two days the journalist really did think that he was in love with her, and even after two weeks he found her piquant and captivating—till one afternoon.

They were out walking; the pavement was wet and slippery with recent rain and the street lights had already begun to twinkle through the fading light. They had been to purchase some few little things for the home which they were furnishing in a poor way with her money. Many carriages were passing to and fro, and the girl had been indulging in funny original little criticisms which had seemed to amuse him.

"You silly child," he was saying, "some day we shall be rich and then"—he stopped; looking up at him the dressmaker saw a wave of scarlet rush across his face, leaving it deathly pale. Following the direction of his gaze she saw a lady alighting from a handsome carriage just before them. She did not look at the girl, but her gaze fastened upon the journalist with a cold and horrified stare. She would have passed them by but that the young man leaving his sweetheart alone upon the pavement rushed forward and caught her by the hand. "Mother," he said, "Mother."

Together they entered a shop and conversed

hurriedly and with evident fear of detection. By and by the journalist rejoined the dressmaker, and without a word they set out for home. Heaven only knows what thoughts were hers, and hell alone can chronicle his. She cried herself to sleep that night and in her dreams she saw but him. Next morning he came as usual with a beautiful bouquet—funds borrowed from the mechanic—as happy and as light-hearted as you please.

"Would his dear Evie, his sweetheart, do a little favor for him, just a tiny favor? His money was all in the bank saving for the wedding, and he was obliged to call upon some people of fashion. He hated to ask her, but if she would lend him twenty five dollars he would repay her on the morrow."

Without a word the dressmaker unlocked her poor little cash-box and drew from it a roll of notes. Her silence rather alarmed him.

"You do not despise me, dear?"

"Oh, no," she said wearily. "I do not despise you."

He had not said a word concerning his mother and she was too proud to ask, so after a little desultory conversation, during which he could scarcely conceal his impatience to be gone, he said good-bye.

"You might take another look at those chairs in Renold's," he called over his shoulder, thinking to please her.

"No," she answered steadily enough. "I don't think we'll have those chairs. Good-bye."

Half way down he paused and retraced his steps.

"Evie, I feel a sneak, but I quite forgot. Can you lend me another ten?"

She took five ten dollar notes from the box and pushed them towards him along the table.

"Oh, you are an angel," he cried. "All this? I don't like to borrow so much. I shouldn't do it, indeed, if I were not certain of repaying you to-morrow. Thank you, my sweetheart; good-bye again."

This time he was really gone, and the dressmaker sat down beside her empty cash-box with gray eyes staring and small hands clenched, thinking, thinking.

(To be continued.)

A Truthful African.

Jim Webster and Sam Johnson were up before a Houston justice of the peace for theft. Jim Webster's case was disposed of several days before Sam Johnson's came up. Sam is a simple-minded darkey. On Sam being arraigned, the Judge said:

"Your partner has already confessed to another theft in which you are implicated."

"I reckon yer must be hinting at dem clothes what was missed from Major Dan McGary's yard week before las'," said Sam.

"I never heard of that robbery. That was not the one your partner confessed to."

"Lemme see! Oh, yes, I remember now. You is alludin' to dem chickens Judge Goldthwait raised sich a row about last Saturday. I believe I does remember sumfin' about dat ar."

His Honor shook his head.

"I am mighty afeared I'se losing my memory. Was it some firewood in Ward No. 5, Jedge?"

"Try again."

"Hit must have been de gemman what missed his pants in de boardin' house; but dat's by de statutes of limits, Jedge. Dat happened last muf ago."

"You haven't hit it yet."

"Jedge, you knows more about what's stole in dis town den I does. S'pose you takes me inter yer conference."

The ultimate result was that Sam Johnson will refresh his memory in the county jail for ninety days. As he was led off he said: "I hain't got no use for a jedge what's got no conference in de culled race."—Texas Siftings.

An Exception to the Rule.

Whether the Washington policeman knew the member of Congress or not, when he met him on the street at 2 a.m. slightly "under the influence" does not appear, for a Washington policeman doesn't always know everything; but be that as it may, when he saw the man at that hour in that condition he approached him.

"Say, officer, what time is it?" enquired the M. C., steadying himself by a hitching post.

"Time for decent people to be in bed," responded the officer gruffly.

"Don't be insolent, sir," commanded the M. C., striking his chest out like a turkey gobbler.

"Oh," laughed the officer incredulously, "then it isn't time for you to be in bed. Good morning," and he went across the street to wait until the statesman was ready for his services.—Washington Star.

An Arithmetical Problem.

Johnny Fizzletop, while eating his dinner the other day, was reading a chapter in Genesis, to be ready for the Bible class next Sunday, when he suddenly enquired of his brother Tom:

"Did the people in those days used to do their sums on the ground?"

Tom said: "I don't know; that was before my time. Ask pa; he's older than I am."

Pa said: "I don't know much about Shakespeare's writings; what does it say?"

Johnny said: "And the sons of men multiplied on the face of the earth."



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MONTREAL.

THE HOLIDAYS ARE NEAR

Billiards in the Home Circle

In a lecture on Amusements, delivered at Leith, Prof. Blackie said: "Man is a social animal, and if not provided with amusements he will plunge into vice. It is as necessary to have a good and comfortable, and I would say consecrated, place of amusement as to have a church. It is as necessary to have a good sleep as a good dinner, and it is as necessary to have good amusement as to have good sermons. I specially recommend Billiards as having many advantages over other games. I have a little Billiard table in my house, and the game is the best thing in the world."



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For Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, etc. Invaluable to Doctors and Vocalists. R. & T. W. stamped on each drop.

Household Fashions for Christmas.



NES various needs find a variety of articles to meet them in the shops just now. Christmas is very near, and that time-honored custom, the giving of gifts, is engrossing much study and time in the arranging. All sorts of dainty nothings will be bought, presented, put on the shelf to be dusted once a week, or forgotten. But there are gifts and gifts, and in the search for the useful as well as the beautiful I came across some lovely things in Rice Lewis's the other day, where one may go for the most splendid presents to the men folk, as they call the lords of creation down East. A shaving stand, either in bronze, brass or iron, takes the first place as a Christmas box to the gentle creature of the male sex whom one may wish to render happy. The artist has sketched it that you may study its light and graceful outline. The mirror is adjustable, either raised to the attitude of the six-footer or dropped where the wee chappie of five feet two can see his small self as others see him. A small shelf half way down the standard serves as a rest for shaving mug or brushes. And the dainty thing takes up so small a space that it can be housed in the tiniest of apartments. I trust half a dozen of my male friends will arise up and call me blessed for putting them in the way of being presented with one of these delightful shaving stands.



Those funny frying-pans, with a clock dial on the smutty side, are taking with purchasers, and while not just the thing for the drawing-room are very chic in the smoking-room, or on an upper landing. They rejoice in the name of the Hardware Clock (I almost wrote hard-times clock), and are distinctly numbered in gilt, which looks well on the black dial. I know of several young housekeepers who rejoice in a Hardware Clock.

Something sumptuous may be had in silken lamp shades; and the chateleine will always be glad of a change from last year's color and shape, therefore a suitable Christmas present might be a new shade for her piano lamp. But be sure, O man or woman, that it both suits the scheme of room color and becomes the beauty who must receive under its glow. Boudoir lamps in brass are *un peu passees*. The newest are chunky affairs in imitation ivory, with bugs and reptiles crawling over their bowls. By the way, for table or parlor candles, there is now an imitation candle in porcelain, either white or colored, filled with oil, and with a tiny burner and chimney at the



top under the tinted or floral shade. Candles catch fire, drip and gutter in a draught, and are a continual source of anxiety, but these cunning contrivances burn and waste not for an entire evening. They are quite worth trying.

Some new things in cutlery are also suitable for really solid and handsome Christmas gifts. Only be careful to exact a penny from the one to whom you present such offerings, or you will live to verify the old adage that such a gift will cut the love between you. There is a sumptuous cabinet at Rice Lewis's fit for the *salle a manger* of an empress, holding every possible necessary for the manipulation of every conceivable gastronomic dainty. Some new designs in game knives, and, by the way, those who love royalty should see the pattern knives sent to the Princess May before her debut as a housekeeper to choose from. The finest steel, the purest ivory and mountings of gold and silver with the York crest are the makeup of these splendid articles. The cabinet of which I spoke just now is formed of pollard oak, a species of dwarf scrub oak, which grows in swampy places, and of which the cutlery cabinet presented to the Duke and Duchess of York was made.

A pair of Moorish spears would be an up-to-date gift. What would she do with them do you require? Why, run the portieres on one, and drape it back with the other; this is an idea culled from the lovely Eastern nooks at the World's Fair and is the very latest fad in New York. Along with these spears might go an entrance hall iron lantern, quaintly shaped and glazed with colored glass, the whole giving

an Eastern tone to a good-sized entrance hall which is artistically refreshing. LA MODE. Thanks are due Mr. Lee of Rice Lewis & Son for information.

Said It Was No Good.

Judge Stevens, of Ironwood, is a good story teller, and one evening when the thermometer was below zero at Ironwood and the wind was whistling outside of a cozy room where was burning a cheerful fire, he related a tale of a Yankee's shrewdness. The judge is an old miner, and went out west with the rush for gold. Near a claim where the judge was working was a thin, angular New Englander, who just kept shoveling ore and paid no attention to anyone else. One day some capitalists came along and casually picked up a few chunks from the Yankee's output. When they got back to town they had them assayed and they yielded wonderful results. The capitalists jumped in the air for joy. Then they went back and there was the old fellow shoveling the same as ever and not saying a word.

"You'll never do anything this way," remarked one of the capitalists.

"Well, I'll get on," returned the Yankee, plying his pick with renewed energy.

"You should interest capital to help you develop that hole in the ground," continued the capitalist.

"Can develop it myself, I guess," said the Yankee.

"Think you've got anything?"

"Not yet. Nothing in sight."

Then the gentlemen took several more pieces of rock and went back to town. These assayed even richer than the first samples and the capitalists were wild with excitement. They went back the following day to see the old man, who gazed upon them with unconcern as they approached. He was a taciturn individual, with an honest face, and he looked as though he would rather die than wrong anyone.

"My friend," said one of the capitalists, "what will you sell out for?"

"Wouldn't sell out."

"But we want to buy."

"What you want to buy for? There is nothing here yet. May be some day, but this hole ain't worth anything."

"We want to buy it, though, and will give you \$10,000."

"It ain't worth ten cents."

"Will you sell it?"

"Nope."

"Give you \$20,000."

"Nope."

Finally \$60,000 was offered.

"Well," said the Yankee, "you can have it, if you want, but I tell you it's nothing but a hole in the ground. May be worth a lot some day, but now it ain't worth sixty cents."

But the money was paid and the capitalists received the hole. The Yankee's assertions were correct. The hole was not worth sixty cents, but the taciturn Yankee had spread a few rich samples around, and then waited for some fish to bite. He had an honest face, but human nature is sometimes deceptive.—*Detroit Free Press.*

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Aut' or of "Proper Pride," "Family Likeness," &c.

"A THIRD PERSON"

A smart and racy story is "A Third Person," just issued in the International series Canadian Copyright Novels. It possesses all the vivacity and humor so characteristic of its author, Mrs. B. M. Crocker, and it offers the further excellence of strikingly funny situations. On sale to-day at John P. McKenna's, Bookseller, 80 Yonge St., near corner King. This tale is one of clever devices and fortunate hits in plot and character, and it is as refreshing as the bright wit of a clever woman.

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TO

THEIR MAJESTIES THE QUEENS OF TORONTO

Who would rather go in their stocking feet than wear any other.

DECEMBER SALE

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Goods cheerfully sent out "on approval."



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WE'RE thinking of the coming holiday season, and no one can take a run through this great house without being impressed with the magnitude of our plans in their interests.

SILKS AND VELVETS—

18 inch Shot Silk Velvete, all silk, 75c, were \$2
Black Silk Velvete, wonderful value, 85c.
22 inch Black Gros Grain (C. Chalmers criterion), will not
out, 85c, regular price \$1.50
22 inch Black Satin Merce, all silk, 55c, worth 75c.
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Ladies' Fine Plush, 24 inch, \$1, worth \$1.50.
75 pieces Colored Satins, 45c, for 50c.
Thousands of yards of Xmas Silks for decorating pur-
poses; nothing more beautiful than our famous
Silk Fongor, all colors, 25c.

ALBUMS—

Great purchase of 515 samples—no two alike.
Handsome Albums \$1.50, for 75c.
Beautifully Bound Albums, 15x7, and 2 inches thick, \$3,
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Tastily and strongly bound leather Albums, \$4.50, for
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Magnificent Plush Albums, 4 columns to a page, \$6, for
\$3.50.
Take these quotations as an indication of how prices
are going.

SLIPPERS—

Ladies' Felt Buskin, 45c, worth 75c.
Ladies' Fur-bound Buskin, 90c.
Ladies' Fur-bound Lace Buskin, \$1
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Our footwear is Perfect Fitting
Graceful
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If you have a hard foot to fit
come to us.

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We shall be glad to show intend-
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wear. Nothing ap-
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variety or quality
has ever been offered
here. N. B.—The

prices are materially reduced.

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HIGH PRICES MUST GO

Call and See What We are Doing
Child's Felt Button Overshoe (Canadian), 6 to 10, for 65c.
Ladies' Felt Button Overshoe (Canadian), 11 to 5, for 75c.
Ladies' Felt Button Overshoe (Canadian), 3 to 7, for 90c.
Ladies' Lined Felt Button Overshoe, 3 to 7, for \$1.00.
Men's Lined (Waterproof) Overshoe (Goodyear), for 90c.
These goods are all new and of first quality. They are
not any bums, we do what we advertise. You can get
them while they last.

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Curls, Chignons, Switches and Hair.
Our Hair has been declared at the World's
Fair to be the best, and superior quality to any other.
Our fashionable New Style of Fringes are made to
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Great choice in all Long Hair Switches, every color and
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Is Superior to
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It is mechanically con-
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principles, symmetrical
in shape and unique in
design.
Each section of the cor-
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maintain the vertical
lines of the body, and
readily conforms to the
figure of the wearer.
It is stayed with strips
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steel, which is
superior to any other
boning material owing to
its flexibility, smooth-
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Each steel (or stay) is
nickel-plated, highly pol-
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to corrode, metal tipped
to prevent the ends from
cutting through the
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The steels (or stays) are
incased in separate poc-
kets and can be removed or replaced at pleasure, and are
so distributed as to afford the necessary support to the
spine, chest and abdomen, while at the same time so
pliable that they yield readily to every movement of the
body, thus assuring constant comfort to the wearer.
Ladies who, after giving them a fair trial, should not feel
perfectly satisfied, can return them to the merchant from
whom they were purchased and have their money re-
funded.
See that the name "Lewis' Magnetic Corset" is stamped,
on each pair, without which none are genuine.
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Fashionable Dressmaker Parlor at
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Around Town.

Continued from Page One.

will feel it and shed their tears of regret in obscure and poverty-stricken homes. Now, when the whole city is offering to his family a heartfelt tribute of sympathy, many will be more just in their estimate of his public acts, for after all he is of most value to a city who in private life is a good citizen, striving to live up to a lofty ideal and dividing that which he has with the sad and the needy. That ex Mayor Howland will be best remembered by his gentle life of charity and helpfulness to others should be a lesson to us all that the greatest careers are achieved and the lives most valuable to the world are lived, not by occupants of high public places, but by men who do their best, materially and morally, to help their fellow-men.

DON.

OUR Christmas — Number

NOW READY

And will be on sale at the News Stands and by the News Boys.

To-Day, Saturday

Social and Personal.

The Wednesday afternoon receptions at Government House have never been more popular than they are under the present regime. The kindness of their welcome, and the absence of formality more than is due, causes people to come back week after week, not only for the purpose of paying their respects to the Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. Kirkpatrick, but also to enjoy the inevitable cup of tea in the society of their friends. That the Wednesday visitors are not content with the brief call of obligation is proved by the fact that the ball-room, which up till 5.30 is gradually filled, hardly begins to empty before a quarter-past six. Mr. and Mrs. Kirkpatrick do not merely receive their guests; they also entertain them.

Notwithstanding the weather, which was far from favorable, nearly everyone that was invited found their way to Glenedyth on Saturday last. Mrs. Nordheimer received her guests in a gown of black brocade grenadine with a blue velvet collar and fall of jetted lace over the sleeves. The simplicity of her toilet was in itself an example to be followed by many hostesses who seem to disregard the good old-fashioned idea that one should not outshine in one's own house the most plainly attired guest. In this case, however, it also served the purpose of more than ever setting off the delicate beauty of the wearer. Miss Nordheimer wore a white crepon costume, also particularly simple in its style. This is the first occasion upon which Miss Nordheimer has assisted in any grown up function, and her sweet manners so perfectly free from any taint of affectation won many hearts. Mrs. Melfort Boulton, who was most exquisitely coiffed, assisted in making the tea "go off," that is if any assistance was necessary at an entertainment where all were of the same set. Mrs. Kirkpatrick, who also was looking her best, was dressed in a fawn cloth dress trimmed with sable, a blue satin yoke on the bodice, a large and most becoming *chapeau* completing the costume; Miss Dickson of Galt wore a reseda green dress with rich brocade sleeves and yoke; Miss Florence Dickson was in fawn cloth; Mrs. Dewar, in rich black satin, also Mrs. Henry Cawthra, in red cloth with gold embroidered bands; Miss K. Merritt, in gray cloth with velvet sleeves of the same shade; Miss Hugel, gray Ottoman cord silk with silver trimmings and jeweled bonnet; Mrs. Eber Ward, in black satin with sleeves of chiffon, many frills embroidered with white, large white velvet picture hat, which this time surmounted a picture face, black ostrich tips and handsome ermine collar and muff finishing off a truly Parisian *confection*; Mrs. J. K. Kerr was most handsomely arrayed in white silk with a delicate black brocade over it, giving the effect at a distance of a lace covering; fitting to perfection, it suited her admirably, and the large white and black hat worn with it was most becoming; Miss Annie Dennistoun wore a gray cashmere with sleeves of fancy tarian silk; Mrs. Cockburn wore a beautiful gown of garnet velvet with lace—exquisite lace or Mrs. Cockburn would not wear it—over the sleeves an *epaulette*. Amongst the many well dressed women it seems invidious to particularize at all.

A word to the leader of the Grenadiers' now really capital band, and it is the same that I formerly addressed, not without result, to Segur's successor. A *rallentando* is out of place at the close of a waltz or polka. A ball-room is not a concert-room, and the time of a dance should be kept up to the very last bar.

The dinner party given by Col. and Mrs. Davidson on Monday night at their house on St. George street assumed the proportions of a banquet. Among some thirty guests were included: The Hon. Mr. and Mrs. Kirkpatrick and staff, Mr. G. T. Blackstock, Major Cosby, Capt. and Mrs. Hay, Mr. Laurie, Major and Mrs. Macdonald, Mr. Shanly, Miss Small, Miss Langmuir, Mr. and Mrs. Kay, Mr. and Mrs. W. Baines, Miss Leslie, and Mrs. Eber Ward.

There was a large attendance at the annual meeting of the Toronto Riding and Driving Club at the Queen's Hotel last Monday. The appearance of snow had waked the enthusiasm of the members of the club. The president, Colonel Sweny, who was in the chair, was re-elected president for the season of 1893-'94.

Lieutenant-Colonel Otter was elected vice-president, and His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor honorary-president of the club. Messrs. Hamilton, Merritt, Tilley, Hay, W. Beardmore and C. N. Shanley were appointed to the committee, and Mr. J. H. Lawrie, R.D.I., last year's energetic secretary-treasurer, was re-elected to his arduous and responsible position. At a committee meeting a few vacancies were filled up by the election of new members, and the three alternative houses, viz., Earlscourt, Glen Grove and the Woodbine were discussed. A sub-committee was appointed to visit these places and to report concerning them.

On Friday, as is so often the case on that evening of the week, the second edition of Wang was witnessed by a very fashionable house. The front row of stalls was occupied by a theater party, which fortunately included no ladies. In the boxes Mrs. Eber Ward's large party was of quite another description. Amongst Mrs. Ward's guests were: His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. Kirkpatrick, Miss Kirkpatrick, Mr. Arthur Kirkpatrick, A.D.C.; Mr. and Mrs. Melfort Boulton, Miss Marjorie Campbell, Mr. and Mrs. Edwards, Mrs. Edward Jones, Mrs. Hall, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Dickson, and Messrs. Reginald Thomas and Gordon Jones.

Mrs. Blackstock, who left for New York and the South on Monday, gave a large *musical* on Friday of last week. Signor Delasco was the attraction, and gained much favor and praise for his fine singing. Cedarhurst was jammed with smart people, and until six o'clock the cry was still "They come." The hostess played the Signor's accompaniments in a perfect manner. Miss Parsons presided in the tea room in a very smart *confection* of scarlet silk and black lace. Mrs. Blackstock was in black, quaintly trimmed with straps of cream white ribbon. Among the throng of guests were: Mrs. Kirkpatrick, Mrs. Melfort Boulton, Mrs. Hay, Mrs. Bristol, Mrs. Cawthra, Mrs. Drayton, Mrs. John Cawthra, Madame Couteller, Mrs. Parsons, Mrs. Brouse, Mrs. Mortimer Clarke, Mrs. Forrester, Mrs. Drury, Mrs. Patterson, Mrs. Ince, Mrs. Thompson, Mrs. Eber Ward, the Misses Hugel, Arthur, Drayton, Long, Perkins, Gooderham, Walker, Small, Beatty, Jarvis, Mitchell; Major Buchanan, Captain Lessard; Messrs. Forrester, Martland, Benedict, Stinson, Thomas, Small, and scores of others.

Mrs. and Miss Woodbridge gave a large dance on Thursday evening at their handsome home on Wellesley street. The house particularly adapts itself to an affair of this sort, being admirably arranged *en suite*. An orchestra played in the hall alcove, and drawing-room, library, hall and dining-room were arranged for dancing. Supper was served in the top flat, and everything passed off in a most enjoyable manner. It was distinctly a young people's party.

Mrs. Western, nee Eddis, has been receiving this week at Albury Lodge, north Sherbourne street.

An East End engagement, which was announced recently, is that of Miss Maggie Kirkpatrick and Dr. T. S. Farncombe, M.R.C.S., and L.R.C.P. of London, England.

Among the guests at the pink dinner at Cedarhurst last week were: Mrs. Eber Ward, Misses Arthur, Parsons, Hugel and Rordan, and Messrs. Stinson, Morrow, Benedict and Small.

Madame Couteller left on Monday for New York, whence she sailed per steamer Gasconne for Havre.

Miss Lizzie Belford, who has spent the past month with Mrs. Bendelari and Mrs. Elwood, has returned to Ottawa. This was a charming visitor whom Toronto regrets to lose. I am sorry to hear that bright and clever Mrs. Bendelari is a victim of la grippe.

The Misses Gertrude and Alice Thompson are going to Montreal to visit Miss Louise Brown next week.

Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Revell of Chicago, who have been stopping at the Queen's for the past ten days, left on Tuesday for home. They were so favorably impressed with Toronto that they have almost decided to furnish a house here for the summer months next year.

Mrs. W. H. Pratt and her daughter, Mrs. W. B. Maclean, will receive on Tuesdays on St. George street.

The manager of the Grand Opera House has again shown that he is willing to take a hint which affects the comfort and convenience of his patrons. My suggestions concerning shades for the footlights, for the protection of the eyes of the occupants of the boxes, and concerning the change of color in the electric head lights, have both been taken advantage of not a week after they appeared in these columns. The improvement is most satisfactory, as all who have since been in the boxes have found. One or two further suggestions for the convenience of this portion of Mr. Sheppard's patrons: Could not a lounge or two be placed in the small hallway behind the boxes, together with a few hooks for wraps, etc.? And could not the stairs to the upper tier be carpeted, so as to deaden the sound of footsteps upon them?

Miss Russell and Miss Cook gave a very pleasant At Home to a score of friends on Friday afternoon last. The hostesses were assisted by Mrs. McIntosh and Miss de Beauregard.

Miss Major, daughter of Colonel Major of Barrie, has been for a week the guest of Miss Lucy McLean-Howard. Miss Major is a niece of Sir Cornelius Kortright.

Miss Richards of Winnipeg is visiting Mrs. Stephen Richards of Church street.

Mrs. Miles' euche party last week was a large and successful affair. Mrs. Drury and Miss Rowan were the guests who were specially honored by this function. Tea-tables were arranged and the following players were on attendance: Mr. and Mrs. Scarth, Mr. and Mrs. Forrester, Mr. and Mrs. Sutton, Mr. and Mrs. Armstrong, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Holmes,

Mr. and Mrs. Boehm, Mr. and Mrs. Robinson, Mr. and Mrs. Patterson, Mr. and Mrs. H. Roberts, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Duggan, Mr. and Mrs. G. Roberts, Mr. and Mrs. Fleming, Mr. and Mrs. Willie Baines, Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Harman, Mr. and Mrs. McMurray, Mrs. Drury, Misses Dupont, Bowman, Roger, Richards, and Messrs. Mowat, Benedict, Griffin, McMillan, G. and W. McMurrich and Major Cosby.

Mrs. Drury's friends have lost no opportunity of making her visit pleasant. A small afternoon was given by Miss Elliott of Pembroke street for this charming lady, whose bright face and manner make many conquests.

Mr. and Mrs. Jones entertain at dinner on Friday next. The hospitable doors of Benvenuto have been continually on the latch this season, and some lovely luncheons, dinners and small evenings have attracted a smart *coterie* therein.

Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Regan have taken up their residence at 18 Homewood avenue, and will hold their post-nuptial reception on Tuesday, December 19, afternoon and evening.

By the way, in view of the numerous engagements which are being announced, I might inform my disengaged readers that the latest mark of sympathy to be sent to the fiancée (to the fair come gifts!) is a pair of pearl-bowled, enameled or jeweled golden spoons—suggestive and lovely, *n'est ce pas?*

The School of Science hold a hard-times smoker at Webb's parlors on December 20, when something *recherche* in the way of costumes is an assured fact.

To-night is the Junior Bar and Osgoode Legal and Literary Society dinner. The committee of management comprises such well known names as Messrs. R. O. McCulloch, F. W. Harcourt, George Kappele, Frank Hilton, McGregor Young, C. D. Scott, S. F. Houston, H. L. Watt, Fred Anderson, G. R. Geary, F. Ford, R. A. Defries, Goldwin L. Smith and E. Miller, from whom great things in the line of jollity are expected.

The Comus Club held their initial meeting for the season on Friday evening of last week. The new rooms are very cosy and the members had a thoroughly good time at their house-warming. Cards and dancing, with a nice supper, were the order of the evening.

The Misses Doyle of 54 St. George street sail on Tuesday next from New York for Naples, where they will spend the winter, returning next fall by way of England.

Miss Ethel Widder is visiting her sister, Mrs. Arthur Jukes Johnson of Bloor street.

The Misses Jones of Seaton street gave a delightful dance last week. Among those present were: Misses Gibson, Belfry, Collins, Morris, Lowery, Hamby, Hinch, Cront, Mesdames Booth and Jolliffe, and Messrs. Trotter, Conlin, Doane, Mulvey, Morris, Smith, Hannah, Cross, Henderson, Dr. E. Tomlinson and many others.

Victoria University undergraduates were At Home last evening. The annual conversation is one of the season's events which always gives great pleasure. An account will appear next week.

A successful At Home was given at the residence of Mrs. Daniel Rose, 50 Avenue road, on Tuesday evening last in aid of the headquarters of the W.C.T.U.

Glenedyth will be *en fete* on the evening of December 20, when the daughter of the house will make her formal *entree* into Toronto society. Miss Nordheimer has charmed all her friends by her delightful manner and sweet unaffected cordiality, but all this is only what one expects from Mrs. Nordheimer's daughter.

Miss McLean-Howard is visiting friends in Ottawa and the East.

Mrs. Pangman of 117 Cottingham street on Wednesday gave a five o'clock in honor of her sister, Mrs. Donald Knight.

Cards are out for the Polar Club dance on Wednesday evening. It is unfortunate for some of the younger people that this night has been chosen, as they are not yet ubiquitous. The dance will be held, as usual, at Daw's Hall.

The band of the Royal Grenadiers held their annual dinner at Brunswick Hall on Tuesday evening last, when a very jolly time was enjoyed. The invitations to the event were particularly neat and elegant.

Mrs. and Miss Whitney of Calgary are visiting Mr. and Mrs. J. W. G. Whitney of Wellesley crescent. Mr. Jack Cowdry, whose sweet wife (nee Whitney), died recently, accompanied his relatives, and with his little child has gone to his old home in Cobourg for Christmas.

Miss Florrie McMichael of St. George street, who has been visiting in Montreal, returns home to day.

Mrs. Edward Jones' At Home in honor of her guests, Mrs. Jones and the Misses Jones of London, England, was attended by a very large number of the *elite*. Mrs. Edward Jones' fine old house on Church street looked its best and her spacious rooms were not overcrowded.

Amongst the dinner parties of Wednesday last were those of Mrs. John Cawthra, Colonel and Mrs. Sweny and Mrs. Edward Jones.

Christmas week is to be busy. Mrs. Kirkpatrick has sent out invitations for a dance on Boxing Night, December 26. This is the evening previous to that of Mrs. Clarkson Jones' ball.

Dr. and Mrs. Ezra Herbert Stafford, originally of this city, and recently 6102 Wright street, Chicago, have taken up house at 652 Euclid avenue.

Miss Thorburn's many friends have been grieved to hear of her illness. I believe she is suffering from typhoid fever.

Mrs. J. Enoch Thompson gave a small in-

formal evening on Monday, when a number of pleasant people dropped in.

A meeting for the re-organization of the Toronto Tobogganing Club was held at the Queen's Hotel on Tuesday afternoon of last week. Officers were elected and a number of ladies and gentlemen were enrolled as members of the club. The fine old slide and clubhouse at Rosedale will be prepared for use immediately.

Mrs. McMicking of 1 Washington avenue gave an afternoon tea on Thursday last.

Miss Wallis, a fair visitor, now in Toronto and just out from England, is to spend the winter in Canadian cities.

The Misses Seymour, those bright and lovely girls who have graced Toronto society for a couple of seasons, have gone for the winter to Montreal.

Another newcomer whom everyone welcomes is Miss Harris, niece of Dr. Strange. Her sweet English voice and smile are universally voted charming.

Osgoode Hall Senators have refused to allow that delightful building to be used for the annual dance. The students are casting their eyes about for a sufficiently spacious hall in which to receive their guests. The hall will probably be *en fait accompli* in the latter part of January. Everyone will deplore the decision of the Senate, for the Hall, with Trinity College and the University, was one of our three delightful *rendezvous* once a year. Only brave old Trinity will now open her doors to us!

Mrs. Arthur's small dance on Monday next will include a *cotillon*—always a comparative novelty in Toronto.

The Toronto Riding and Driving Club hold their first meet of the season this afternoon at 4.30 at the Guns, Queen's Park. The drive on this occasion is to be to Weston for dinner, etc. A large turnout is expected.

Les Hiboux hold their weekly re-union this evening at Mrs. Tackaberry's, Jarvis street.

A very quiet but pretty wedding took place at Montreal on December 6, at St. Martin's church, by Rev. G. Osborne Troop, when John A. Taubert of Toronto was married to Florence Ethel, daughter of the late Hon. W. M. Kelly of New Brunswick. Owing to a recent death in the family only the immediate relatives were present. The happy couple left by the evening train for Toronto on an extended trip to the West.

NOTICE

A General Meeting of the Shareholders of the Sheppard Publishing Company (Limited), will be held at the offices of the said Company on

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 27, 1893

At Three o'clock, p.m.

When the Annual Statement will be presented and officers elected for the ensuing year.

JOHN A. TAYLOR

Secretary-Treasurer.

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N. B.—Artistic letter and script engraving a specialty.

The Grenadiers' due éclat at December 7, pleasant evening turned out to be a brilliant affair. The dance on the balcony was a little after played God went home to deal like a p. sembles are to announce had ordered some sat w. o'clock; even programme c into three ho was the new learned forth new step, on good old gal Washington and a few new step. I graceful way about, to the approbation le who made her sensation, her much in contr the ball-room, of young peo. Among the b were present son, Major B. Lessard, Lieu. Moore of Hal and Mr. Kin people, who o the dance, ve or dancing at party of cava events, and, assembly, arr hear the asto Anthem. As and becoming to the eye of t wore a rich an Mrs. Dawson Mrs. J. K. Ke knot of viol beautiful bro Mrs. Cecil Gi pale blue stri silk with poi a brocade lin with a qual son, pearly son, pearly Mrs. Forester T. Blackstock frills and berth a delicately lo water-green a embroidered si blue, which a Miss Parsons c handsomest go pink velvet gar also wore a ric and train with pearls; Miss C of deep canary pulled sleeves Mitchell, who from social cl over a slip of turquoise silk; berry with tin McCullough w gown; Mrs. P with pale tin Drury's gown v ered and fringed Waveney was with lace and a pink gauze w Walker, canar was in yellow drapery; Miss and pretty fro dine; Miss Os and cerise; M green and her in blue with w wore white, o velvet sleeves, trimmed frok McDougall wor Michie, a pale black and her Garratt wore cr Miss Scales lo and baby ribbon land wore whi very stately go nence garnitur chapieron, who after the belle younger guests gowned in velv Louie Jones, w horseback accid with bretelles s was very smart able whipcord satin. Other p pretty wearers them. The st costly furnished several corners able interest. lence of the mu in a conside ample time w



The Grenadiers' assembly took place with due éclat at Webb's parlors on the evening of December 7, and was a very well arranged and pleasant event. A goodly number of the élite turned out in some very pretty frocks, and a plentiful sprinkling of scarlet uniforms added to the brightness of the scene. At about ten o'clock the quadrille of honor was formed and the dance continued with vigor and élan until a little after one, when the band suddenly played God Save the Queen, and everyone went home thoroughly mystified, feeling a good deal like a parcel of Cinderellas. If the assemblies are to break up at one, it were as well to announce the fact, for a number of guests had ordered their carriages for half-past, and some sat wearily waiting until quite two o'clock; even had no encores been played, the programme could not have been compressed into three hours. A feature of the programme was the new two-step waltz, which should be learned forthwith by all who wish to enjoy a new step, or rather an adaptation of the good old gallop. The band played for it the Washington Post, Sousa's clever composition, and a few people danced correctly the new step. I particularly noticed the very graceful way in which Mrs. Eber Ward floated about, to the admiration of several whose approbation is final. A South American beauty, who made her debut on this occasion, created a sensation, her Spanish style of loveliness being much in contrast to the other belles who graced the ball-room. Mrs. Blackstock and her party of young people arrived slightly en retard. Among the brother officers of the hosts who were present were: Col. Otter, Col. G. T. Denison, Major Buchanan, Capt. Kirkpatrick, Capt. Lessard, Lieut. Forrester, Lieut. Laurie, Major Moore of Hamilton, Dr. Strange, Dr. Peters and Mr. Knight. Many prominent society people, who otherwise would have attended the dance, were either laid low with the grippe or dancing at another function. I heard of a party of cavaliers who tried to take in both events, and, coming after midnight to the assembly, arrived on the scene just in time to hear the astonishing strains of the National Anthem. As for the gowns, they were pretty and becoming, though but few were new to the eye of the observant. Mrs. Kirkpatrick wore a rich and stately gold and white brocade; Mrs. Dawson wore deep yellow and black; Mrs. J. K. Kerr, buttercup yellow and breast knot of violets; Mrs. Melfort Boulton, a beautiful brocade in pale blue and canary; Mrs. Cecil Gibson, a dainty white silk with pale blue stripes; Mrs. Brouse, a dove gray silk with point lace jabot; Mrs. Brouse, Jr., a brocade in peacock green and black, with a quaint bertha; Mrs. G. T. Denison, pearly pink faille and white lace; Mrs. Forester was in white and black; Mrs. G. T. Blackstock wore gray satin with chiffon frills and berthe edged with silver cabuchons; a delicately lovely gown was Mrs. Eber Ward's water-green satin with draperies en berthe of embroidered silk net; Miss Arthurs wore pale blue, which always admirably becomes her; Miss Parsons of Grange avenue had one of the handsomest gowns of rich brocade satin with pink velvet garniture; Mrs. Albert Gooderham also wore a rich brocade white satin bodice and train with petticoat draped with lace and pearls; Miss Chopitea's coming-out gown was of deep canary yellow silk veiled in silk crepe, puffed sleeves and deep berthe; Miss Maggie Mitchell, whose bright face will be missed from social circles, wore black net and lace over a slip of deep red; Mrs. Ryerson wore turquoise silk; Mrs. J. Gibson, crushed straw- berry with tiny frills in darker shade; Mrs. McCullough wore a very elegant white and gold gown; Mrs. Harry Patterson, black, striped with pale tints, and pale blue sleeves; Mrs. Drury's gown was a rich China crepe, embroidered and fringed en châte; Miss Gooderham of Waveney was modishly gown in white silk with lace and spangles; Miss Hugel wore pale pink gauze with satin corselet; Miss May Walker, canary silk and black; Miss Brouse was in yellow tulleed gauze with Watteau drapery; Miss Alice Thompson wore a fresh and pretty frock of white satin-striped grenadine; Miss Osler was well gown in black and cerise; Miss Gertrude Lockhart wore green and her sister pink; Miss Crombie was in blue with white lace; the Misses Dawson wore white, one petite sister wearing pink velvet sleeves, and the other a quaintly trimmed frock of brocade India silk; Miss McDougall wore pink crepe with ribbons; Miss Michie, a pale blue satin; Mrs. Pyne was in black and her guest, Miss Gillis, in pink; Mrs. Garratt wore cream brocade and brown velvet; Miss Scates looked pretty in pearl gray silk and baby ribbon rosettes; the Misses Strickland wore white and green respectively. A very stately gown of black velvet with emerald garniture was worn by a handsome chaperon, who had the happy task of looking after the belle, par excellence, among the younger guests. Mrs. Jones was very richly gown in velvet and applique brocade. Miss Louie Jones, who has quite recovered from the horseback accident, wore a dainty cream faille, with bretelles edged with mink. Mrs. E. Cox was very smartly dressed in a lustrous changeable whiplash silk, with touches of deep cerise satin. Other pretty gowns there were, and as pretty wearers, but space fails to chronicle them. The sitting-out room upstairs was cosily furnished with temping tete-a-tetes, and several corners were rendezvous of considerable interest. Everyone remarked the excellence of the music, and encores were indulged in to a consciousness of manner, seeing that ample time was accorded each dance. I re-

marked with some amusement that the most determined claquers were "sitting out." Colonel Mason received. Mrs. Mason was not able to be present on account of ill-health. I hope that the next assembly will tempt a larger attendance of smart people, for, although it is very delightful for the guests not to be incommoded by a large number, it is not correspondingly encouraging to the officers, nor at all what is due to the capital band, for whose advantage the proceeds are to be reserved. Perhaps it would add to the comfort of the guests if a man were told off to see to the calling of carriages. I remarked on Thursday that the guests had to hunt up their own conveyances, many of which alas! did not materialize for some time.

A Novel Entertainment at Galt.

The dramatic entertainment called The Days of the Year, (written by Miss McIlwraith of Hamilton), which was performed in the Town Hall last week, Thursday and Friday evenings and Saturday matinee, was one of the most successful of the kind ever given in Galt. On the second evening there was barely standing room. The stage was beautifully decorated, representing the four seasons of the year: Spring had her part of the stage festooned with flowers natural to that early season, with drapery to match; summer glowed in richer colors; autumn's domain was decked in appropriate tints, and fruit and sheaves of grain hung from the folds of silk and muslin that formed the background, while the section devoted to winter was wreathed all in white, with snow-drift and icicles (crystals) clinging to the naked boughs of the trees. After Father Time came on the scene, the Months presented themselves, some of whom recited appropriate verses, while others sang songs suitable to the character impersonated. Twelfth Night, in January, was represented by a minuet danced to Boccarini's celebrated music by ten young ladies attired in costumes like those worn in the last century, with powdered hair, fans, patches, etc.; this was one of the prettiest scenes of the evening, and reflected great credit on Miss Moses, who had trained the dancers. The next feature of the entertainment was the May-pole Dance by thirteen little maidens, who treaded their mazy way in and out among the colored ribbons in a manner that showed good training and great practice. After the Months came the Days, in their regular order, interspersed with songs and glees. The anthems for Hospital Day and for Thanksgiving Day were especially well rendered, as were the various choruses by the male quartette and by the choir behind the scenes. But perhaps the most popular part was the Highland dancing, by four children, in St. Andrew's Day. The orchestra, under the leadership of Mr. George Baker, and the accompanists, Misses Elmslie, Hume and Grove, contributed greatly to the success of the performances. Taking into consideration the fact that those who took part had only fifteen days in which to prepare themselves, the directors, Messrs. A. Bisset Thom and H. S. Howell, are to be congratulated on arranging and placing on the boards an entertainment that has been so well carried out in a histrionic sense, and so successful from a financial point of view. The proceeds go to the Ladies' Hospital Aid Society, whose committees did much to assist the directors in their various duties. The following ladies and gentlemen took part in the Days of the Year: Dr. Radford, Miss Ruby Walker, Mrs. J. S. Tyler, Miss Nelly Perry, Miss Bessie Scott, Miss Jessie Trotter, Miss Jessie Hood, Miss Bessie Peene, Miss Millican, Miss Dickinson, Miss E. Scrimger, Miss Crawford, Miss Warnock, Miss Bessie Allen, Miss Kynch, Miss B. Moses, Miss Josie Vardon, Miss Helen Goodall, Miss Grace Trotter, Miss Viola Baker, Miss Minnie Jaffray, Miss Macie Trotter, Miss Allie Sylvester, Miss Annie Warnock, Miss Minnie Perry, Mr. T. Aitkin, Miss McCallum, Miss Annie Jackson, Mr. G. Wissler, Miss Ada Dando, Miss L. Walker, Miss G. Elmslie, Miss A. Bittmann, Miss L. Cavers, Miss T. Hood, Miss Marie Cavers, Mr. E. J. Wilkins, Mr. J. R. Blake, Misses Jean Cavers, Marion Elmslie, Jessie Chapman, Ruth Trotter, Mabel Walker, Marjory Duff, Minnie Todd, Del. Sylvester, Jennie Jaffray, Helen Radford, Chas. Kynoch, Alma Hood and Marjory Brodie (May pole dancers), Mr. C. Evans, Miss Dando, Miss B. Millican, Mr. Johnston, Masters Byard Warnock, A. Jackson, Edwin Hood, H. Taylor, F. Taylor and W. Vair; Miss F. Jaffray, Mr. W. E. V. Kelleher, Mr. F. D. Palmer, Miss L. McAuslan, Miss M. McGregor, Miss Croll, Mr. A. B. Thom, Mr. J. M. Duff, Mr. Melross, Miss Hume, Miss M. Hume, Miss Paul, Mr. Mellroy, Misses Annie Fisher, Effie Gladly and Masters Chester Barlow and C. G. Ross, (Highland dancers); Mr. Fred Shurly, Mr. A. Trotter, Mr. G. Wilkinson, Mr. A. Caldwell, Mr. R. S. Strong, Jr., Mr. R. S. Strong, Jr., Mr. Laing Gourlay, Mr. George Baker, and Messrs. Turnbull, Woods, Young and Boomer, male quartette.

The Paola Club.

The Paola Club's opening meeting for this season was held at Selborne, Shannon street, the residence of Mrs. A. Fowler, on Thursday, St. Andrew's Day, and was well attended. An exceedingly enjoyable evening was spent in dancing on the well prepared floors. Amongst those who participated were: Mr. and Mrs. Lorsch, Mr. and Mrs. McMillan, Mr. and Mrs. Fowler, Mrs. Davidson, Mrs. Dodd, the Misses Cole, the Misses Reid, the Misses Burgess, Miss Jeffrey, Miss McLeod, Miss Forbes, Miss Owen, Miss Fowler, Miss L. E. Fowler, Miss Grier, Miss Godward, Miss Campbell, Miss Burt, Miss Hewson, Miss Trimble, and Messrs. Mitchell, H. and F. McKerihew, Arnold, Forsyth, Burt, Hewson, McGuane, McKay, Laxton, Garrod, Walsh, Coles, Holden and Ades Fowler.

The Head-Hunters of Borneo.

A traveler, recently returned from a visit to the Dyak head-hunters of Dutch Borneo, says: "I tried all I possibly could to discover the motive for head-hunting, but could not elicit any information. The natives do not seem to meet their enemies in battle and kill them, as the tribes in this country did in past ages; they only want heads. The conclusion I have come

to is that the practice has to do with a superstitious belief as to their position in a future state. The greater the number of heads a man possesses the greater hero he is considered in this life and in the next. The owners of the heads are believed to pay him homage. When a chief dies the heads he has won are enumerated. The chief of the Kinja Dyaks is the most powerful chief on the Bilan River. When I visited him his son-in-law had been on a head-hunting expedition for fifteen months. When I asked the chief if he thought his son-in-law would ever return, he said: 'I have often been away as long as he has been, and I feel certain he will return and bring back much honor to our tribe.' I have sat in the house of this chief smoking my pipe and reading an old newspaper by the light of a lamp, the reservoir of which was the skull of an ancient enemy of the tribe, and in front of me was a row of skulls of men who had been decapitated by this ancient hero. The chief points to these with as much pride as a distinguished soldier would display the medals he had won in honorable service."

Mr. Jones—There is such a dear little squirrel out in the tree.
Chappie—Does he turn up his tail?
Mr. Jones—Yes.
Chappie—Well, that must be the very squirrel I saw up in the mountains last summer.

There'll be Kissing Under the Mistletoe

and mirth and gladness throughout the homes on Christmas day. These may all vanish, the memories, however, will linger long—so will some of the presents, noticeably those in the jewelry line—they're substantial.

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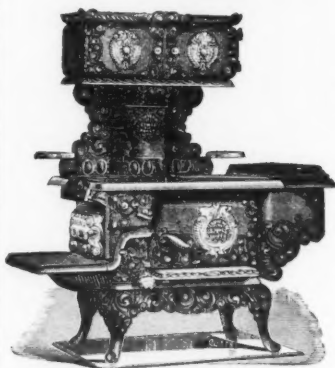
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MARJORY'S MISTAKE

By ADELINE SERGEANT,

Author of "The Great Mill Street Mystery," "Jacob's Wife," "Sir Anthony's Secret," "Under False Pretences," etc., etc.

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CHAPTER XLII.

"I do not understand it, I tell you," said Archie, angrily, "and, what is more, I won't do it. He tossed it over to Marjory with a violent word or two against the meddlesome habits of some people."

Marjory read it and said aghast, "It is very incomprehensible. Very unlike Felix."

"Unlike him! I am not so sure of that," said Archie. "He was always trying to assume authority over me, but I think this is a little too much. What on earth should I go to London for, leaving my address with you? Which means you are not to go with me, I suppose. It is intolerable. I am not going to London unless I know the reason why."

"But, Archie, I almost think you must," said Marjory gently. "You are here as my agent, you know, and the probability is that someone will call on me in a day or two for your address in town and then go on to see you on business. That is the only reason I can think of."

"A very roundabout way of proceeding," sneered Archie. "Does Felix think I am a slave to be ordered about in that way? I shall not do it until I know more about the matter."

"Perhaps Mrs. Hyde might throw some light on it," suggested Marjory.

"You can ask her if you like," said Archie, sulkily, "but I tell you this, that unless I have a good reason I do not leave Redwood. I cannot imagine what Felix is thinking of, and indeed it would seem as if Felix's message was likely to prove entirely ineffective."

Marjory went up to the Hall to interview Mrs. Hyde, and found that she also had a message from Felix that consisted of four words only, "Returning by next steamer," an announcement which had thrown Mrs. Hyde into a state of bewilderment as that of Archie. Possibly Marjory was the only person who had enough faith in Felix to obey him implicitly. It seemed to her that Archie had no alternative but to do the thing that Felix requested him to do.

But Archie, as it happened, saw the matter differently. After a great deal of argument and grumbling he agreed to compromise matters. He would go up to London every day, he said, and return at night. Felix could not possibly want him to sleep in town. London was too hot and stuffy for him at this time of the year. He would stay at a London hotel, and now and then would sleep there if he took it into his head to go to the theatre or anything of that kind, but he assured Marjory rather sharply that he would use his own judgment in the matter.

Marjory was so wrought on by his representation that she yielded to the point at last. She wished that she had had time—and the money—to cable to Felix herself; but she had neither, for it was pretty certain that Felix would have left New York before her message could reach him, and there was not much money for superfluous expenses. But she wished, eagerly and fervently, that Felix had sent a reason for his request, and that Archie could be induced to comply with it.

She made one faint attempt to work upon his fears. "I don't think, Archie," she said, "that Felix would have telegraphed in this way unless he had very urgent reasons."

"Perhaps so," said Archie, carelessly. "But, my dear girl, I am doing all that he can possibly expect me to do. I'm going up to town all day long, what more can he want? People won't expect me to transact business in the middle of the night. Felix has been dabbling in shares; you may take your oath of that; and wants me to do a little stock exchange gambling for him. That's all it means, you may depend on it."

"I hope it is," said Marjory in a graver tone. "What else should it be? Have you formed a theory too? Out with it. What the deuce do you mean?"

His voice grew uneasy and suspicious as she continued silent. She was forced at last to speak.

"Archie, he is in New York; I was thinking—could it be that old man—the old man you told me of; you said he was living there. Could he have seen Felix? Could it be anything to do with him?"

Archie's face suddenly blanched. They were standing together in their little garden, and he turned and seized her roughly by the arm.

"You know something! You have heard something that you won't tell me!" he said, in a sharp, hissing whisper, which startled her more than she liked to say. His eyes, burning with a strange light, looked angrily into hers. He almost shook her with the vehemence of his grasp upon her arm.

"Indeed, I know nothing, Archie! I was only just imagining what might be. Let me go; you are hurting me!"

"If you know anything that you won't tell me," said Archie, fiercely, "if you leave me unwarned my blood will be upon your head. It would be better for you that you had never been born. You—"

"Archie, dear, do not talk in that way. I know absolutely nothing more than you do. I was only trying to find a motive for Felix's message. It was mere fancy."

He dropped her arm abruptly and turned away, apologizing neither for his sharpness of tone nor for the fury of his grasp. Marjory's arm was black and blue for days afterwards, and the unreasonable anger of his voice had brought tears into her eyes; but she did not dare reopen the subject, and was, indeed, sorry that she had done so when she found that the conversation in the garden was followed by one of her husband's worst nights, with his terrible nightmare in full force. After that she made no more remonstrances. Perhaps she thought that Archie was right, at any rate she could do nothing more than she had done. So he went to London during the day and returned at night, and for many hours Marjory was left alone. The cares of her house and her boy did not seem to fill up the whole of her

time, and on the second day after the arrival of Felix's telegram, therefore, it occurred to her to put on her hat and walk up to the Pawson's cottage.

Mrs. Pawson received her with sour looks. "You've come at an awkward time, Marjory," she remarked. "Nobody looks for visitors at twelve o'clock of a morning. I thought you knew company ways better than that—brought up like a lady as you've been since you was a child of thirteen."

"I'm sorry if I've come at the wrong moment, Aunt Maria," said Marjory meekly. "But what is it? Why are you so busy?"

"It's that silly girl, Jenny Chadwick," broke in Selina, with fretful abruptness. "Really, the folly of some gels knows no bounds."

"Haven't we been as kind to her as though she was our own flesh and blood?" said Mrs. Pawson, taking up the anti-strophe. "And now she must needs go and leave us the first chance she has! I call it shameful."

"Has she got the offer of another situation, then?"

"Situation! No. Only a sort of general invitation to go and stop along o' friends in Exeter. Poor look out for her I should say. Never heard tell of anything so uncaring."

"We told you she said she had a relation in America," said Selina, in a deeply injured tone. "There has been a talk about him coming back to England so often that I'm sure I don't know whether it is true or not that he's really returning. She wasn't a truth-speaking girl always. I can tell you that I shouldn't wonder if it was all humbug, from beginning to end."

"But I hope not," said Marjory. "She was such a nice looking, pleasant girl that I should be glad for some good fortune to come to her at last." This was rather an inadvertent speech. Mother and daughter bridled a little and drew in their lips with an air of silent disapprobation. After a pause Mrs. Pawson spoke volubly.

"It's all very well to say 'at last,' as if she had not been well housed, and well fed, and well looked after ever since she came to us, which is now two years and three-quarters; and you can see for yourself what a difference it has made to her. One would think that we had been regular skinflints, as grudging her every morsel of bread she ate, and as you yourself know, Marjory, we ain't the sort of persons to do that to a orphan child."

To this statement Marjory could not quite assent; so she thought it better to hold her peace.

"It's just ungratefulness, and that is what it is," said Selina, sending off her machine with a whirl, "and if she comes to a bad end it won't be any fault of ours."

"But do you think there is any mistake?" said Marjory. "You do not really believe that the poor girl is falling into bad hands?"

"I am sure I cannot tell what to believe," said Mrs. Pawson, grimly, "all I know is I don't believe a word she says, so there."

Marjory felt a pang of sympathy for "the orphan girl," as Mrs. Pawson had dubbed her little servant, remembering how she herself had once come under that designation, and had been treated accordingly. She wished that she could have a few words in private with Jenny Chadwick. Perhaps the girl would open her heart to her rather more than she could do to Mrs. Pawson and Selina, but she did not like to suggest a private conference, knowing that Mrs. Pawson and her daughter would probably resent it as interference in their concerns. She was, therefore, relieved and surprised when Selina, stopping her machine, looked up and said, "Look here, mother, why don't you set Marjory on to talk to her. Marjory knows a fine lot about America and such outlandish places, and she could tell the girl about the shipwreck and all that, and frighten her a bit."

"But why should she need frightening?" asked Marjory with a little laugh.

"Oh, she talks about going to America herself with this old uncle of hers," said Mrs. Pawson in a disparaging tone, "and why folks cannot stay in their own native lands and the state to which it has pleased God to call them I am sure I cannot imagine. However, Marjory, if you like to see the girl for a minute or two you can, and maybe you can get out of her summat more than what she has chosen to tell us."

Marjory perceived that she was expected to act as a pump for the better extraction of information from the obstinate Jenny, but she was sufficiently interested in the girl to embrace the opportunity thus presented to her of giving the girl some intelligent sympathy. As to whether Jenny would confide in her or not she did not care, but she was determined that she would not repeat to the Pawsons anything that was told to her in confidence. Mrs. Pawson wanted to call Jenny from the wash-house, where she was busily engaged, into the little sitting-room on the other side of the front door, but Marjory, who retained an unpleasant remembrance of its close atmosphere, its crude colors, and its slippery seats, preferred to go into the kitchen and stand at the back door, where she could see Jenny at the wash tub in the little outhouse where washing operations were usually conducted.

Marjory stood and watched the girl for a moment or two, and saw that she was already somewhat changed. She was fair and pretty, as she had always been, but the frightened bowed down look seemed to have been removed from her face and figure. There was a new expression of hope and life about her which had never been visible before.

Not yet seeing Marjory, she hummed to herself the little song which Marjory had heard on entering the house, and it was very plain to Marjory now why she could sing in the place that had been a house of bondage to her, as well as to Marjory, in her childhood's days.

"Well, Jenny," she said, stepping out on the flagged pavement that ran round the back of the house, "so I hear that you are going to

leave Mrs. Pawson?"

Jenny started and stood upright, her pale pretty face turning pink all over as she saw the speaker. She had always had an intense admiration for Marjory, whose history was a matter of triumph to Mrs. Pawson, though that good lady did not allow Marjory to suspect such a state of feeling, but Jenny's admiration was open and undisguised, and looked out so fervently from her blue eyes that Marjory felt half amused and half touched by it.

"Yes, ma'am," Jenny answered, with a little curtsy, "I am going on Monday, ma'am."

"Come out here and talk to me," said Marjory, in her winning voice. "I can scarcely see you, Jenny, for the steam of those soapbuds. Come out into the garden a minute or two and tell me where you are going."

Jenny hurriedly dried her hands and arms on her apron, which was then cast from her, letting down her cotton skirts and pulling down her sleeves as a token of respect to Mrs. Severne, with whom she presently stood in the shade of an old apple tree in the hawthorn hedge which divided the garden from the road.

Marjory had purposely chosen so retired a spot, for she did not hold Mrs. Pawson and her daughter above the meanness of listening at doors and windows to what they wanted to know, whether it was intended for their ears or not.

"Are you going to relations in Exeter?" Marjory asked.

"Yes, ma'am, cousins of my mother's," Jenny cast down her eyes and blushed a little, perhaps because she was already telling Marjory more than she had ever imparted to the Pawsons.

"I shall be glad if you find some kind friends," said Marjory, "because I have always thought you were rather lonely, Jenny. But I hope they really are going to be kind to you. Do you know anything of them?"

"I have seen them once or twice," said Jenny, shyly. "They've wrote letters to me now and agin, and Mary Strong—that is the one that was lost in the ship going out to America—she sent me a present last Christmas, and I went over to see them a year ago come Whitsuntide, and everybody says they are good people."

"What ship was she lost in?" said Marjory.

"The Aurora, ma'am, the same one as they say Mr. Severne was in," said Jenny, her face lighting up. "I do not suppose he ever came across her, but she was going out with her father, who had been living in America for ever so many years, and had come back to fetch her. She had been living with her grandfather and grandmother, which their name was Sprigg, and it was her father as was own cousin to me, you see, second cousin they called it, I believe."

"Then who is it that has written to you to come, Jenny?" asked Marjory, "for the Spriggs are no relations of yours, I see. Had Mary no brothers or sisters?"

Jenny shook her head and looked a little perplexed.

"No, there was never anybody but her and all the rest of the Spriggs are dead, I believe. It is Mrs. Sprigg that has written to me to come to Exeter, and, as you say, she ain't a relation of mine exactly; but being Mary's grandmother and Mary a cousin of mine, I always came to thinking she was a sort of relation too. But they were very kind to me, and Jenny's lips quivered a little as though she were sorry to lose the fancy of their kinship to her."

"Then," said Marjory, beginning to seize the points of the story, "now that Mary has gone away they want you to go and live with them?"

"It is not exactly that," said Jenny, "it is Mary's father—Cousin Strong—that is coming home from America again and has written to them about me, because he says I am the only relation he has left in the world and they say he wants to adopt me and take me back to America with him instead of Mary."

"And should you like to go, Jenny?"

"Yes, I think so," said Jenny, simply. "I think anywhere would be better than here, somehow. I am sure I beg your pardon for saying so, ma'am," she added, apologetically. "But there is a good deal of work to get through here and I strained my back once and it always hurts when I lift heavy things. I think I should like to be with people that belongs to me."

"But you may have to work hard even in America, Jenny, harder even than in England, and you do not know yet whether you will like your cousin, Mr. Strong."

"He was Mary's father," said Jenny, "and I think I am sure to like him; at any rate, if she would go with him I should be all right in going. Mary was a very good girl; she would never have gone anywhere it was not right to go. And the Spriggs do say that if I cannot get on with him I could stay along of them in Exeter."

"Well, Jenny, I hope everything will turn out prosperously," said Marjory, "and I think that you are right to go and see about it, and if you do not find everything as you hope at Exeter, and have to come back here, be sure to let me know. I should like to hear how things go with you."

"And you do not think I am wrong to give up Mrs. Pawson and go to my friends, do you, ma'am?" said Jenny, anxiously. "Mrs. Pawson says it is ungrateful but I don't seem to see why."

"I think you are right," said Marjory, emphatically. "Mrs. Pawson can easily get another girl to work for her, and you will perhaps have only this one opportunity of going to your relations. Good-bye, Jenny, I am glad I know all about it, and I will try to explain to my aunt what a good thing it may be for you." She sent Jenny back to her work with a lightened heart, and did not know for many a long day afterwards that she had taken an important step towards her husband's undoing, for it had never crossed her mind that "Cousin Strong" and "his Mary" might be the old man and his daughter whose fate had been so tragically interwoven with the history of Archie's escape.

CHAPTER XLII.

Jenny Chadwick was a resolute little soul, fair and timid as she looked, and totally unable to cope with the rough ways of the world, she held to her purpose womanfully, and left Mrs. Pawson's cottage on the appointed day



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with all her worldly goods tied up in a blue and white handkerchief—a bundle not too large for her to carry down to the crossroads, where she was to be taken up by the milk cart and driven to Southminster station. She could not help shedding a few furtive tears when she was in her seat beside the driver, for she felt an unaccustomed sinking at the heart at the thought of leaving the place where she had spent so large a portion of her life; and, besides, she had seldom been in a train before, and was decidedly nervous at the thought of her journey. Mrs. Pawson and Selina had not sent her forth with any words of encouragement; indeed, the remembrance of their parting storm of reproach and abuse had been rather too much for Jenny, and she was half inclined to believe that she was courting a doom of shame and desolation for her future life, with a miserable death at the end of it, which was the fate Mrs. Pawson predicted was in store for her. But Jenny, though sensitive to unkindness, was by no means weak in will, and she had had enough of the Pawsons by that time. Even another kind of servitude would be welcome, and it was perfectly delightful to her when she came to think of it to have the prospect of life with people who, as she said to Marjory, "belonged" to her. So by four o'clock in the afternoon she found herself in the quaint old city of the west, and treading timidly the unfamiliar pavement. She came at last to a green door with a brass knocker in one of the obscure, but very respectable, streets on the outskirts of the town.

The door was answered almost before her hand had left the knocker by no less a person than Mrs. Sprigg herself. Mrs. Sprigg was very tiny, very shrivelled, but rosy still, with a sort of winter apple effect about her comely little face, which was made to look rounder than ever by the arrangement of a big frilled cap tied under her chin by a black ribbon. As this was a state occasion, Mrs. Sprigg wore her Sunday gown of black silk, with a huge brooch, which contained the hair of at least twenty dead relations; and she had a soft little piping voice, which seemed very pleasant to Jenny's ear after the harsher tones to which she had been accustomed, and her west-country accent was vaguely familiar to the girl, perhaps by reason of some obscure memory of her mother's tongue.

"Lor' bless you, my dear," said the old lady, holding out both her hands. "Ye be as welcome as flowers in May, to be sure; to be sure ye be. And is this all yer luggage, love? Come along up. Here's poor Mary's father for 'ee, and the tea ready as soon as thee's taken off thee's hat."

Jenny felt that she had done right to come. The warmth of the old woman's welcome, and the dainty neatness of the house into which she stepped pleased her heart and her taste alike. She took off her hat and her cloak in a tiny little bed room which, as she noticed, though tiny, was scrupulously clean, and even pretty in some of its arrangements, and was then taken downstairs into the little parlor where she stood on the table, and where Mary's father, as she always called him to herself, was standing on the hearthrug talking to Mr. Sprigg, who was far more infirm than his wife, and usually sat in a large chintz covered armchair between the window and the fireplace.

To Jenny, who had lived a rather out-of-door life in the country, the atmosphere was warm, if not stifling, for it was a sultry afternoon, and the window was, of course, shut, and both Mr. Sprigg and Mary's father had been indulging in the luxury of pipes. For a minute or two everything seemed to swim before her eyes. She knew that she was standing before the two old men, and that Mrs. Sprigg's voice was in her ears, though what she said Jenny never knew; and also that there was another figure in the room standing close to the window, but whose it was she did not know or care. Almost unconsciously she made a little curtsy, which had been her habitual mode of salutation when she was a workhouse girl, and was very much amazed when she found herself taken up into a strong man's arms and kissed roughly, but kindly, on either cheek, while a deep strong voice observed, "Why, you needn't go bobbing curtsies to your own flesh and blood. We'll soon cure her of that in the new country, eh, missus? You never saw me before, did you, child? I am your cousin, your mother's cousin that is, but you can call me your uncle if you like. That sounds more comfortable-like, if you are inclined to go out with me to the Stairs."

Mrs. Sprigg breathed a "las, sure," which had in it a tone of complete reassurance to Jenny's troubled senses. She lifted up her eyes at last and looked into her kinsman's face. It was a dark face, a little sinister looking, and dangerous to those who could read signs, but Jenny was no physiognomist, and all that she saw was a certain kindness and rough goodness which she was quite ready to trust, if only for Mary's sake. Mr. Jeremiah Strong, once known as Strangways, did not inspire her

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with anything like dread. She was a little fluttered by his kiss, but it seemed so entirely a matter of course to all the persons present that she was half ashamed of her own shyness, and tried hard to recover her self-possession. She spoke to Mr. Sprigg, and then perceived that the figure by the window was that of a young man who had turned round to look at her.

"This is Joe," said Mrs. Sprigg, in an every-day kind of tone, as if Jenny must needs know who Joe was, and everything about him, and indeed she speedily remembered that this must be poor Mary's promised husband, who had intended to join her in America six months after her departure in the ill-fated Aurora. Jenny's heart went out to him with an instant rush of sympathy. She lifted her blue eyes to his face for one moment and blushed all over with the eager emotion of a young girl who feels more than she can understand or express. The young man who was a fine specimen of a rather superior type of working man, felt a quick conviction that this little cousin of his poor dead Mary's was sorry for him and he liked her the better for that sorrow. Hitherto he had felt a vague dim jealousy of Joe, as coming to take the place of Mary in the hearts of those who used to hold her dear, and he had said to himself, "They may forget her, but put another in her place, but I never shall I." Now, when he looked at Jenny, his feelings suddenly changed. This little blue-eyed, fair-haired thing was only a child; of course she could not be to anyone what Mary had been. Mary had often spoken to him of poor, lonely Jenny, and her hapless fate. If only for the remembrance of her words he felt that he must be kind to Jenny too.

It was seldom that Jenny had sat down to such a sumptuous meal as Mrs. Sprigg had provided for her under the name of tea, and at first she was almost too shy to eat, but her timidity soon wore off under the influence of her hostess's kindness. She felt that she was among friends and had no cause to feel afraid. Different, indeed, was the atmosphere sur-

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rounding her from the one which she had grown self-acquainted to at Mrs. Pawson's, and she was able to listen with growing interest to Mr. Strong's account of his life in America, stories which he poured forth one after the other without much apparent care as to the impression which they might produce upon his listeners. As a matter of fact, however, he was exercising considerable care as to the kind of story he told. If he had any respect for anyone in the world it was for the Spriggs, who had brought up his little Mary; and even with Joe Barbary he had a sense of restraint which co-existed with positive liking. As to Jenny, he thought of her more as of a child than a woman, and did not trouble himself particularly as to whether she listened or understood; but Jenny drank in everyone of his stories with wide open eyes and glowing cheeks, feeling herself in a new world which was almost intoxicating in its delights.

It was not until late in the evening, when Joe Barbary had gone away, and Mrs. Sprigg was busily engaged in getting her infirm old husband to bed, that Jeremiah Strong addressed himself particularly to his young kinswoman.

"Well," he said, "my girl, so you are willing to make friends with me, are you; and maybe come out with me to the States?"

"I should like to," said Jenny, a hidden fire leaping out from under the cover of her usual timidity.

"You would like to, eh? You don't look fit to rough it over much. You ain't strong and hearty like her that is gone."

"I am stronger than I look," said Jenny. "I have done a lot of hard work. I have done everything—cleaning and washing and all at Mrs. Pawson's for the last two years."

"You don't look like it," said the big, rough-looking man, surveying her slender figure and pale face with an air almost of pity. "Well, you won't have as hard work as that to do if you come with me. You have nobody in the world but me now, have you?"

"Not that I know of," said Jenny, shaking her head.

"And I have nobody but you," said Jerry, wagging his head solemnly. "I don't see why we should not join forces, my dear. You and me would do very well together. I think I have given up the drink, which I don't deny I took to for a spell after Mary's death, and I have got a tidy little sum of my own that I mean to invest in some good concern—no more spekulating for me, thank you—and I will take a house somewhere and set you up in it like a lady, and by and by, if you meet a chap you fancy, why, I'll set you up in house-keeping and give him a lift if I can. And you will be like a daughter to me and always keep a corner in your house for the old man, eh? Come now, that is a fair and square offer enough and you can take it or leave it as it stands."

"I should like to go with you very much," said Jenny, timidly. Then, moved by a sudden impulse, she rose and put one little hand in his. "I will always love you for Mary's sake," she said, "and, besides, nobody was ever so kind to me before."

"Well, you are a poor little soul to have to do battle all alone in the world," said Jerry, patting her on the shoulder. And then he gave her another rough kiss, rather as if it were a sort of thing he was not accustomed to, and did from a sense of duty, but the real kindness of the man towards the orphan girl was quite apparent, and Jenny felt in no fear of him, but only an awakening interest and affection as she still stood beside him and listened while he told her something more of his past life and of his prospects in America, winding up with a rambling account of the shipwreck and of the way in which his daughter Mary met her death.

Jenny listened intently, her eyes growing round and her cheeks pale with mingled horror and compassion when he told of the man who had taken from him the life-belt designed for Mary's safety. But she said nothing until in the recital of his story he came across the name of Felix Hyde. Then she uttered an exclamation of surprise.

"Mr. Felix Hyde!" she said. "Why, that is the name of our Squire. Yes, he is a very kind gentleman, isn't he? I am sure he would be glad to see you again, only he is gone to America just now."

A new light came into the man's eyes. His face seemed suddenly to change, to become darker and sterner than it had done before.

"Do you mean to say," he asked, slowly, "that this Mr. Hyde lives at Redwood where you come from?"

"Yes, he is our Squire," said Jenny. "Then what is become of his friend, the man he was looking for, the man he went to America about?" Strong demanded, fiercely.

Jenny faltered and drew back. "I do not know any friend of his except Mr. Severne," she said.

"Severne! No; that was not the same. He called himself Brown."

"There is no Mr. Brown in our village," said Jenny, gathering a little courage as she went on, although her cousin's frowning brows and fierce eyes gave her a new but not altogether pleasant view of his character.

"Mr. Severne is the agent. He is looking after the property while Mr. Hyde is away."

"Oh!" said Strong, half appeased, but still suspicious. "And Mr. Hyde has gone back to America, has he? I suppose to see if he can find that friend of his, no, that can't be so, for I saw him on board that steamer. When is Mr. Hyde coming back, Jenny?"

"I heard some talk of his coming back sudden like in a few days," said Jenny; "but I don't know whether it is true."

"Eh?" said Strong, meditatively. "Coming back in a few days, is he? It seems to me, then, that it would be worth while to go over to Redwood and make a few inquiries. I tell you, Jenny, that villain Brown is known to Mr. Felix Hyde, and Mr. Hyde is screening him for some purpose or other. But I will get it out of him when I see him. I will find the man!"

"Oh, uncle, don't!" said Jenny. "Don't! Why what does the girl mean? Why should not I find him?"

"Not to do him any harm," said Jenny, scarcely above her breath.

"Harm! Well, I don't know about that," said the man, slowly. "It don't harm a man, I reckon, to be punished for his misdeeds. I

guess I'm going to punish him, however. As sure as there is a God in heaven I will. I will have his heart's blood by fair means or foul."

"But uncle," faltered Jenny, "isn't it a duty of everyone to forgive even those that have done them injuries?"

Jerry Strong laughed hoarsely, and put her from him with a forbidding gesture. "It is a pretty long time since I went to Sunday school, and I have pretty nigh forgotten what they used to tell me there; but it is all right for you, my dear, just the right thing for women, but it ain't the sort of way that men think about these things. Men have got to fight for themselves and for the women folk belonging to them, and it don't do no good for the women-folk to be whining about forgiveness and such-like. You leave men to settle their accounts between themselves; that is the best thing for you to do. And now, if you are going to bed, you can ask the missus upstairs if she has such a thing as a time table in the house. I think I will go to Redwood to-morrow. I would like to see if there is any chance of renewing my acquaintance with Mr. Felix Hyde. And as Jenny, feeling herself dismissed, crept away to bed, she was conscious of a kind of dread which mingled with her newly-born affection for her strange kinsman. He seemed to her like a being from another sphere, and from a sphere where the natives were a little more like savages than Christian men. For the first time in her life she stayed awake for an hour after her head was laid upon the lavender-scented pillow of her little white bed, and when at last she slept it was to dream of outlandish scenes, and mountains, and forests, and unknown never-ending streets of busy towns, where all the men had faces like Jerry Strong's, and all the women were old and wrinkled and apple-cheeked like Mrs. Sprigg.

(To be Continued.)

Those contemplating the purchase of Xmas gifts should examine the list of bargains advertised by Messrs. Kent Bros. in another column.

Weighing Thoughts.

Starting from the idea that the hand varies sensibly in size with the amount of blood present in it at any moment, Professor Mosso, the Italian physiologist, has made some most interesting investigations. In his first experiments the hand was placed in a closed vessel of water, when the change in the circulation produced by the slightest action of the body or brain, the smallest thought or movement, was shown by a rise or fall in the liquid in the narrow neck of the vessel. With a large balance, on which the horizontal human body may be poised, he has found that one's thoughts may be literally weighed, and that even dreams, or the effect of a slight sound during slumber, turn the blood to the brain sufficiently to sink the balance of the head. The changing pulse even told him when a professional friend was reading Italian and when Greek, the greater effort for the latter duty affecting the blood flow.

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The popular name "Paine's" is now a household word all over this great North American continent.

When the name is heard or mentioned, it instantly recalls health, strength and a new existence that are always brought to sufferers who use Paine's celery compound.

In Canada, scores of our best physicians are now prescribing Paine's celery compound for their patients, because they know of nothing else so reliable for quickly restoring the sick and suffering.

The present popularity of Paine's celery compound is as wonderful as its astonishing cures. Letters of thanks come in every day from thankful and appreciative people who have been made well and strong after suffering for years.

Sick people and their friends should always insist upon getting "Paine's," no matter how strongly the dealer may recommend something else.

No other medicine is as good; only Paine's celery compound can meet your case and cure you.

When assertions are publicly made regarding the medicinal virtues and power of Paine's celery compound, ample proof is always submitted in support.

A few days ago a letter was received from a well known citizen of Toronto—a gentleman highly respected in business circles, Mr. A. B. Wark, of the firm of Bentley, Brownell & Wark, 81 King street east, writes as follows:

"I have much pleasure in informing you that my wife has been greatly benefited by the use of Paine's celery compound. After suffering for years from a female weakness, she has been so far restored by the use of a few bottles of your wonderful medicine, that she now entertains hope of a permanent cure."

A Pastor's Experience.

The Troubles of a Canadian Clergyman

Attacked with a Disease Unknown to Physicians—He Had Almost Given Up Hope When the Hand of Relief was Struck Out to Him.

Rev. S. J. Cummings, the pastor of the First Baptist church of Delevan, New York, has had an experience that makes him one of the most talked of men in Cattaraugus county. To a reporter of the Buffalo News who called upon him, Mr. Cummings made the following statement, which he put in the form of an affidavit:

"I am now feeling so well that I am entering on a series of special meetings, and am returning to work with all my old time vigor. I was prostrated in June last and was treated by three physicians, one near this place and two in the city of Buffalo, but received no benefit or encouragement from them. They all were of the opinion that I would have to resign my pastorate and quit preaching. Nevertheless I now feel entirely recovered."

"I cannot give you the name of my disorder. It baffled the physicians, and they could not agree as to the nature of the trouble. After the slightest exposure, as in the damp of the morning, or after the dew fell in the evening, my limbs would swell and become discolored and my body would be racked with pain. These attacks would last three or four hours, but they would usually leave me helpless for at least a day after the acute pain had passed. At night I was unable to sleep. The strain upon my nervous system was tremendous. I became so prostrated as to be unable to take exercise. I could do scarcely any work in my study, and frequently could not preach to my people. Sometimes for a week the muscles of my arms would be so affected that I could not write a letter or pen a discourse."

On the recommendation of the physicians who examined me, my church granted me a vacation for a month, and I went to my old home at Lakewood, Ont., north of Toronto, for a rest. On reaching home my father urged me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I protested on the plea of having taken so many medicines that I had lost all faith in them. But he had heard of their efficacy and insisted on my giving them a trial. He brought me two boxes and I commenced to take them. I soon found my health improving so rapidly that I returned to my home and family at this place. Some of my friends insisted that the benefit was only temporary, that I would soon have a relapse and be worse than before, but I have continued to take them and now I feel like a new man. The sudden attacks of pain which formerly prostrated me on my bed do not recur, and I have exposed myself many times in a way that would have formerly brought them on."

In my family I have found them very beneficial. My wife finds them more helpful to her than anything she has ever taken. I have spent hundreds of dollars in doctors' remedies and patent medicines, but all to no avail until I tried Pink Pills.

S. J. CUMMINGS.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 19th day of September, 1893.

JOHN HUNT, Notary Public.

Druggists everywhere bear witness to the firm hold this wonderful Canadian medicine has taken upon the public and to the vast good it has accomplished in relieving suffering and thousands of grateful people like Rev. Mr. Cummings, cheerfully testify to the benefits derived from its use, often after skilled physicians had absolutely failed to help them. If you are ailing cast prejudice aside and give this marvel of modern medical science a fair trial. An analysis of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills show that they contain in a condensed form all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effects of la grippe, palpitation of the heart, that tired feeling resulting from nervous prostration; all diseases depending upon vitiated humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as suppressions, irregularities and all forms of weakness. They build up the blood and restore the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. In men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork or excesses of whatever nature. There are no ill effects following the use of this wonderful medicine, and it can be given to children with perfect safety.

These pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., and Schenectady, N.Y., and are sold only in boxes bearing the firm's trade mark and wrapper, at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, and are never sold in bulk. There are numerous imitations and other so-called blood builders against which the public are cautioned. If your dealer does not keep Dr. Williams' Pink Pills they will be sent post-paid on receipt of above price.

The gas man called on the dentist to have a tooth extracted.

"Do you want to take gas?" asked the D.D.S. "How much will it require?"

"Oh, don't worry about that; I'm not going to measure with the meter you use on me."—Detroit Free Press.

For Nervous Prostration.

USE HOBBS' FORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE.

Dr. W. Graeven, Northfield, Minn., says: "I have used it in cases of nervous prostration, and also in combination with other remedies in indigestion. It has proved as satisfactory as could be expected."

As Old as Antiquity.

Either by acquired taint or heredity, those old foes scrofula and consumption, must be faced generation after generation; but you may meet them with the odds in your favor by the help of Scott's Emulsion.

A River of Ink.

A curious phenomenon occurs in "Darkest Africa," where runs a small water-course which the chemistry of nature has turned into a stream of real ink. The formation is obtained by the union of two small rivulets, of which one is strongly impregnated with iron, while

Everyone who can afford it should have a Melissa Rainproof Wrap. The most fashionable, comfortable and economical garment of the day.

the second brook, percolating through a peat marsh, absorbs gallic acid. Nature knows no waste—nor man, either, when he is pressed to it—hence letters are comfortably written with this singular ink of Mother Earth. It is found in common use in Algeria, the neighborhood of this natural chemical laboratory.

Schiffmann's Asthma Cure.

Instantly relieves the most violent attack, facilitates free expiration and insures rest to those otherwise unable to sleep except in a chair, as a single trial will prove. Send for a free trial package to Dr. R. Schiffmann, St. Paul, Minn., but ask your druggist first.

Correspondence Coupon

The above Coupon must accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following Rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by coupons are not studied.

GIMBY EIERH—Nothing will improve it but constant exercise. You are amiable, unspractical, humorous, impulsive and young.

MARJORIE—Yes, I did go, and again and again. It was extremely fascinating to me. I suppose you have had your study some time ago, as all of that date are finished.

ANNE—I don't think it was quite as long ago as that. However, I really cannot satisfy your curiosity a second time. If my predecessor gave you a good study, hang on to it!

FORGET-ME-NOT—You are impulsive, impatient and energetic, fond of schemes and fancies, full of enterprise and resource, but rather uncertain. You are affectionate, fond of comfort and rather need self-control and repression, but you have splendid force of character and opinion.

DUMPLING—So I do enjoy the summer weather, Dumping, dear. You have nothing very wrong with your writing. You are easy-going, a little careless, very honest, frank and cordial, rather vivacious in manner, incapable of a mean or selfish action, discreet, but not in the least firm, an open-hearted and open handed maiden, and bound to be well liked.

BRANDY—1. The breeze on the Ottawa river are not a circumstance to the winds of Lake Michigan. It was sometimes warm, but never hot in my experience. 2. Your writing shows a discreet and rather formal character, given to idealism but not demonstrative; rather erratic reasoning, a sharp judgment, good self-reliance and a liking for the beaten track.

MIRIAM MERRILL—1. You barefaced fraud! But if your friends are pleased, I'm sure I don't mind the least little bit. 2. Your very attractive writing shows marked vivacity and much smart and observant faculty. You are hopeful, sociable, somewhat imaginative, idealistic and very candid and honorable. Affection is fair and temperamental buoyant. You are very fond of beauty, sympathetic and adaptable.

TULIP—I don't suppose it could possibly hurt them, and it would certainly whiten them, but would be disagreeable to use, surely! The habit you speak of is no sign of flakiness.



J. M. DOUGLAS & CO., Montreal, Sole Agents for Canada



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"We are not painting the rose when we say that

BABY'S OWN SOAP

is the best ever manufactured for the nursery.

Its perfume is delicate and it will not harm the most tender skin. Try it for the nursery and you will agree with us.

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ness, only of susceptibility and facility. You are also bright, careless, adaptable, slightly romantic, somewhat artistic and a great lover of beauty; some refinement and a pretty discretion are also shown. Although careless, you are not willfully so, and desire to do faithfully what you undertake.

MUD TURTLE—I recognized your awful marks, my dear, as soon as I opened your letter—a good while ago now. You are a good little soul to write so nicely, and I am glad your life is a happy one. I think the occupation you mention is a very interesting one and hope you'll succeed with it. Now, I want to ask you to try and cultivate some of the gentler traits and be even more likable than you are. Too much display of force and dash is next worst to too little. I hope you thoroughly enjoyed your picnic this day. I have often been to the place you mention; it is just a nice afternoon's wheel from the city.

DAINT MILLER—This writing should, by all the laws of appearance, belong to a pugilist. It is combative to the last degree, but one cannot judge in that way graphologically. It shows marked vivacity, independent thought, savoir faire and rather a generous nature, with ambition, power and tenacity. Perhaps writer is a little too easily depressed by opposition, and scarcely knows her own strength. The artistic faculty is strong and imagination very marked; a tendency to unduly idealize is remarkable.

REV.—1. Oh, my dear boy, you don't know what you're talking about. Flattery is not "the idle whispering of an empty head," but the touch that tickles the sides of vanity and makes her or him good-natured and happy. 2. Your writing does not flatter you, anyway. You are a little self-conscious, very unsympathetic, wilful and prejudiced, of good sequence of ideas, somewhat morbid, apt to be pedantic and very conscientious. You are also several other things, such as uncertain in temper, smart in criticism, undoubtedly clever and not a bit oblivious of the fact. I think sometimes you talk too much, and altogether need sweetening and softening.

MORIS IN THE EULABER—You are still crude and impressionable. I don't in the least know what was told you three years ago, but except that you have good energy, and are of a very fearless and original turn of thought, with ease of manner and are rather outspoken, I have little to tell you that would please you. For instance, if I should tell you that you spoiled your best effort by self-consciousness, you would not like it, nor yet if I called at a positive and self-assured way you have. These be the sins of youth and inexperience. With care and culture you have enough originality and force to be a very charming companion.

BARBETTE—1. You are a sad scamp. So you think your soul is in your elbow (finny-bone, I presume)? How sad not to have a more dignified corner for it. I haven't the least notion of its exact location. Man is a mystery and woman, too. Will you tell me why your soul should not occupy the entire structure? I think it should. 2. Your writing shows marked originality, and much honor and sweet temper. You may rage, but not for long. Your will is forceful, constant, and you rarely change in affection. You love luxury and all material things, have some idealism and bright imagination. You should make your mark, if power rather apt to be well directed goes for anything.

HEPPEL EVER—Your case is one of many. You want something to do, but only want what your fancy dictates. Now, people who really want to work for work's sake, can always find a job, at least that is my belief. As to writing stories for magazines, for which you don't particularly desire remuneration, that sounds too amateurish and juvenile for the "sage and yellow" which you declare yourself. Certainly, if the magazines took your stuff they would pay you just what they paid others, a certain rate a page. But, my dear woman, most editors, after one glance at your writing, wouldn't even pass it on to the "reader." Do you have your things type-written? I am pretty skilful in deciphering hieroglyphics, but yours are a puzzle. At the same time it is a delightful hand graphologically, and shows marked talent, imagination and refinement. Its fault seems a lack of concentration and method and a tendency to despair.

Your Family

should be provided with the well-known emergency medicine,

AYER'S

CHERRY PECTORAL

The best remedy for all diseases of the Throat and Lungs.

Prompt to act,

Sure to Cure

PARQUETTE — Send for designs and price
FLOORS. 92 to 94 BAY STREET, TORONTO.

AGENTS WANTED, male and female, to sell our new Kastle Brand, Extra Pure White Soap, and Kastle and Kastle's Soap. No capital required. Easy selling, big profits. CLAUDE S. HARRIS, Ltd., 100, King St. W., Toronto, Ont.

THE TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

EDMUND H. SHEPPARD - Editor

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Office, 9 Adelaide Street West, Toronto.
TELEPHONE No. 1709.

Subscriptions will be received on the following terms:

One Year.....	\$3 00
Six Months.....	1 00
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Advertising rates made known on application at the business office.

THE SHEPPARD PUBLISHING CO. (LIMITED), Proprietors

VOL. VII] TORONTO, DEC. 16, 1893. [No. 4

The Drama.

URANIA at the Grand this week is one of those attractions that should cause every professor and student of the colleges, every teacher and advanced pupil of the schools, every minister of the gospel, every professional man—in fact all sensible, sound people—to turn out to the theater even though they have never entered such a place before. Urania is the name given to a series of three scientific lectures, illustrated by the most realistic views ever presented in this country. The only man on the stage is Mr. Garrett P. Serviss, the lecturer, who stands at the footlights with a long ruler, explaining the various phenomena presented. No ballet, no song and dance business—nothing that would bar the performance from being given in the Metropolitan, St. Andrew's or any other church in the city. I said nothing, but there is something—it's merit and consequent expense. It takes a secular manager, with his sin and enterprise, to bring such a meritorious lecture to town. If Urania had been brought here by some local clergyman instead of by Manager Sheppard, all the pulpits would have announced its coming, all the church societies would have peddled tickets for it, and crowded houses would have viewed its scenes with awe and listened spell-bound to the lecturer. But it remained for a theater manager to bring Urania to town, and I do not hesitate to assert that more church members went to see the Black Crook than have seen and heard the astonishing revelations in astronomy at the Grand this week. I am writing this in the middle of the week and it is possible that before the engagement closes things may change for the better, and Manager Sheppard may be encouraged to again bring something solid, educative and marvelous to suit those who condemn the frivolities of the drama.

If this falls under the eye of a school teacher or student, or anyone who feels that his mind is capable of broadening, let me assure him that I feel such a person would be repaid for traveling a hundred miles to hear these three lectures. So good a chance for grasping some sense of the magnitude of the universe and the marvels of astronomy has never come my way before, and may never again come yours. Like most people, I have read books in an aimless way and heard lectures yawningly, but was never before brought to a standstill in contemplation of the mystery of the moon and the planetary system. It is humbling to one's pride to note how comparatively insignificant in that system is the earth on which we live. To view, and have explained to one, the moon, retaining its attraction of gravity but devoid of its atmosphere, where it might almost be said irrefragable cold and irrefragable heat encounter one another—is interesting and engaging beyond words. Prof. Serviss used the illustration that if one were to land on that airless sphere and hold forth his hand the upper part would be burned to a crisp by the implacable sun, while the lower half would be frozen to stone by the unmitigated cold. This, of course, is familiar to students, but when the statements of the lecturer are supported by views the most thorough and understandable, such matters are for the first time grasped by the intellect. The lecturer gives a comprehensive exposition of astrology, that ancient science which he assures us has thousands of devotees in our own day. He explained it thoroughly, and showed on canvas a horoscope which he cast on December 4 in New York. If there is anything in astrology he asserts that according to this horoscope there was born somewhere in that latitude on December 4 a boy who will be short of stature, weakly of constitution, yet who will startle the world by his discoveries in aerial navigation, but will meet a violent and early death in pursuing his researches. He thinks it possible that this coming man may meet his death in the next thirty years in the first airship—his own invention—to cross the Atlantic ocean. Prof. Serviss does not express his own opinion of astrology, but explains its principles. From Chaos to Man is a wonderful lecture and its spectacles have been truly termed awe-inspiring.

It is said, with what truth I know not, that Andrew Carnegie, seeing Urania at Berlin, was so impressed with its educative influence that he ordered it to be reproduced at any cost for his lecture hall in New York. It was done and made a great stir in that city, and now—the disinterestedness of this thing scarcely coincides with the popular estimate of Carnegie—he is having it sent around the country for the enlightenment of the masses, to be self-supporting if possible, but to complete its circuit at whatever loss.

Being on astronomy it may be not amiss to give the following excerpt from a paper by Prof. Matthews in the *Anglo-American Times*: "Is there anything in modern science more staggering to our credulity than the revelations of astronomy? Somebody says that astronomical knowledge should be acquired at the rate of a page a day. If faster than this, the mind is confused. Of all the sciences which overwhelm and confound us with their vastness, astronomy may take the palm. No wonder that it has been called *par excellence*

the sublime study, for it is too stupendous for a mind of ordinary calibre to grasp; only one of Baconian or Miltonic dimensions can fully apprehend, not to say comprehend, its grandeur and glories. In a lecture at Edinburgh, Professor Grant thus spoke of the immensity of space: A railway train, traveling night and day at the rate of fifty miles an hour, would reach the moon in six months, the sun in two hundred years, and Alpha Centauri, the nearest of the fixed stars, in twenty-two millions of years. A ball from a gun traveling at the rate of two hundred miles an hour, would not reach Alpha Centauri in less than 2,700,000 years. What do you think of that, reader? Does it not confound all your ideas of time and space? Supposing this ball had started for Alpha Centauri at the birth of Cheops's great-grandfather, it would, even now be only at the outset of its journey. Cheops's great-grandfather dandles Cheops's grandfather on his knees; he in turn grows up, waxes in years and is succeeded by his son, who, again, is succeeded by Cheops. Cheops comes to manhood, builds the everlasting pyramids, lives to an antediluvian age, dies, is buried; successive generations appear on the earth and pass away; empire after empire, the Babylonian, Persian, Greek, Roman, rise and fall, down to this present year of our Lord; and yet this ball, which has been rushing on all this time with inconceivable velocity, has advanced, comparatively, but a hop-step-skip-and-jump on its way to the nearest fixed star! Again, the same lecturer tells us that the light, which travels from one pole of the earth to the other in about the twenty-fourth part of a second, or nearly 187,000 miles in a second—a velocity which, more than a million times swifter than a cannon ball, surpasses all comprehension—would not reach the same star in less than three years. But this is the nearest of the fixed stars. Light from some of the telescopic stars, we are told, requires 5,760 years to reach the earth; and from some of these clusters the distance is so great that light would take half a million of years to pass to the earth; so that we see objects, not as they really are, but as they were, half a million of years ago. These stars might have become extinct thousands of years ago, and yet their light might still present itself to us! Startling, amazing as this is, Camille Flammarion, in a recent number of the *Deutsche Revue*, makes a statement which overtops it and makes it seem modest in comparison. He asserts that, though light travels so fast, the photographic lens of a modern telescope receives impressions of stars whose thin rays of light have been millions of years traveling to the earth; rays which, perhaps, set out on their journey hitherward before this our earth had started on its appointed course; rays, some of them, perhaps, of stars which have run their appointed course, which have vivified worlds like ours, and have ages ago been burned out and resolved into their ultimate atoms, while the rays they once shed still travel onward into space." MACK.

Take a lot of humorous incidents, throw them into a bag, pour in a sauce of humorous sayings, stories, one or two songs, put John Kernell in as well, and having shaken the outfit thoroughly, pour the contents biggledly-piggledly on the stage and you have The Hustler. The name is not a misnomer, for if by the term is meant an individual who is always on the dead jump, and obtains quick results, then the title fills the bill. The quick results are the attention and laughter of the audience from beginning to end of the play. John Kernell is evidently a name to conjure up audiences with, as Jacobs & Sparrow's house has been crowded all the week, and no wonder. Inside the theater people forget all about the cold and snow outside and enjoy themselves. All that is necessary is to drop your money in the slot, or rather box office, and Kernell does the rest. Sit in your seat and laugh as loud as you like, everybody else does the same. Don't attempt to analyze the plot or criticize the methods of the various actors, but take the gifts that the gods send you and go home thankful that there is such a land as Ireland, with such people as the Irish, and that there are such persons as rack-renting landlords and such things as hard times which drive those witty, lovable, inconsistent characters into other countries to amuse the inhabitants thereof and make them forget their own troubles for a time. John Kernell, may your shadow never grow less!

"The public likes to be humbugged." This saying of the late lamented Barnum, *de chere et douce memoire*, came forcibly to mind while watching the clever performance of Mr. C. Beswick and Miss Annie Moore at the Academy. I was one of the "humbuggers," as Col. Fracasse would say, and enjoyed it very much so did the remainder of the audience, which was unfortunately slender. There is something pleasant in being deluded by a clever person. It tickles one's vanity to think that after all it takes someone who knows a thing or two to pull the wool over our very sharp eyes. That is what Mr. Beswick did and did it very artistically, with very little visible mechanical paraphernalia to help him, unless I except two small boys from the audience whose demeanor was certainly one of the features of the entertainment. The first part of the performance passed off without a hitch; the second was not quite so fortunate owing to the recent sickness of Miss Moore, who was decidedly too ill to do her share of the work properly. It was almost a pity that she appeared at all, but then the audience would not have heard the two songs which she rendered very well. Her voice is a good one, possessing both quality and power.

Of late it has been remarked among professional people that the Conservatory School of Elocution is developing into something greater than its kind, and becoming one of the significant institutions of the city. During the past year the attendance has doubled and public and professional men have not hesitated to present themselves for voice training. That the school has won such sound repute with the most discerning is due almost entirely to the talents and well-shaped energies of Mr. H. N. Shaw, B. A., the principal. Although he has only been in the city something over a year, he has placed the Conservatory School of Elocution at a point of suc-

cess never attained before, and has been appointed lecturer on elocution at Trinity University, McMaster University, Wycliffe College and Miss Veal's Boarding School for Young Ladies. His success in securing and filling positions is undoubtedly due in great measure to his ruling principle. He contends that no man can accomplish his best as a teacher while at the same time maintaining a concert connection. The man with dual pursuits must subordinate one to the other or be mediocre in each. A man can only lift such and such a weight; he can expend a given amount of energy—when he divides it and scatters it, he does not project himself as far as he might in any one direction. Mr. Shaw holds this idea and on accepting the principalship of the School of Elocution he decided to concentrate himself on teaching, and has since declined concert engagements, from the public view this is to be regretted, as there are few readers equal to him in conception and artistic interpretation. The success of the institute under his charge, the important side appointments as lecturer which have been offered him, indicate the soundness of his contention. He is to day a busy man; from nine a.m. to six p.m., as well as three evenings a week, he has a time table marked off into inexorable hours and half hours. Mr. Shaw, in voice culture, follows no one method, but having studied under several masters, blends the virtues of several systems. He teaches vocal music in the Conservatory as well as elocution, and in the latter applies some of the primary principles of the former. The results show the wisdom of his system. One graduate of last year was chosen out of a large number of applicants to teach voice culture in Dr. Sargent's Gymnasium for Teachers in Cambridge, Mass.; another is teaching in De Soto, Missouri; another in Cleveland, Ohio; and another in Montreal. Mr. Shaw previous to coming to Toronto was for six years Professor of Elocution in Acadia University, Nova Scotia, and for six years before that studied elocution, oratory and vocal music in New York and Boston. He studied Greek Art and the Classic Drama under Franklin Sargeant, president of the American Academy of Dramatic Arts, who superintended the production of *Antigone* at Harvard, Vassar and Yale. As he has charge of the dramatic work in the production of *Antigone* by Toronto University in February, his skill and experience will be shown. Mr. Shaw's pride is the Conservatory School of Elocution, and his ambition is to win for it fame and standing. Everyone admires a man who sets himself at some large enterprise and bends everything to his ruling purpose. The portrait on our front page this week is a striking likeness.

Next Monday night the famous Paris company of Pantomimists will begin a three nights' engagement at the Grand Opera House, appearing in a three-act musical play under the name of The Prodigious Son. The organization and the play have been made in Paris, London and New York.

The Ivy Leaf, that standard Irish play, will be welcomed to the Academy of Music by a bumper house next Monday evening at the usual way-down prices.

A Pasty Story.

AN incident happened the night before the Dominion election of 1878 which demonstrates clearly that the fortunes of politics, as of war, depend on good generalship, valor on stump and strategy in constituency; and in that election those tactics were employed which brought the most return for the money, and to blazes with scruple. Various plans were devised to dazzle the unwary voter—the glittering bait, once shown to him, was jerked away to do duty for some other campaign. Of course all this is a revelation to the experienced electorate.

The night previous to the election might have been heralded with dense, opaque clouds embanking the western horizon, accompanied by low reverberations of thunder and spiteful zig-zag lightning, while the wind kept up a mournful dirge among the trees and chimneys tops—the usual tokens of blasted hopes and glowing calculations. But the writer has no record of the weather of that particular date, except that it was bitterly cold the day following.

It was near midnight, on the night referred to, and a hush fell over the streets of Toronto. Three figures entered the most thickly populated portion of St. John's Ward. The party included a tall young man, a partner of the candidate in the constituency of which the Noble Ward formed a part, and more or less prominent in Reform circles. The other young man was of medium height, with very auburn hair, and being connected with the highest literary productions, he was and is yet an eminent expert in selling books. The last was a boy, carrying a pot of paste and sporting no particular pedigree. Under the yellow glare of a street lamp the tall legal man unrolled a number of placards, while the literary one wielded a paste brush with great dexterity, and lo! there was displayed on the wall a monstrous poster, having on it a tree with its utmost capacity taxed to carry such abnormally sized apples. The tree was called the tree of life and the fruit thereof was specially produced for those who had a franchise to vote. On each fruit was a recommendation of its wholesomeness to each and every voter. (The wondrous part of this tree was that its fruit had as many flavors as a drug store.) "Free trade," "Cheap bread," "Cheap whiskey," "Don't let the other party in," "Codlin is your friend, not Short," "You don't have to pay your tailor's bills," "Choose between a house and lot and a hundred dollars—free to every man, woman and child, or work for your living," "Get your votes in early for us (and frequently) or Confederation will be pulverized to-morrow," "How will we live if you don't keep us in power!" and other melting appeals garnished the fruit on the tree of life. Silently and gleefully the conspirators pushed the work and the paste was getting down low. A policeman on his beat happening to be awake, eyed them with disfavor, when, in the excess of their jubilation, they pasted a bill on the door of a prominent



Beyond a ridge of pines with spikey tips,
The West lifts to the Sun her longings lips.
Her blushes stain with gold and argent dye
The shore the river, and the wide for sky
Like floods of wine the waters filter thro'
The reeds that brush our indolent canoe

Beach the bow where sands in shadow lie,
You hold my hands a space, then say good bye
Up winds your pathway thro' the yellow plumes
Of golden-rod profuse with Quagga blooms
And o'er its teasing sprays you toss a kiss—
A moment more—and I see only this.

The idle paddle you so lately held,
The empty hour your phantom wrist propelled
Some thistly purpling to violet
Their blossoms with a thousand thorny darts
And like a cobweb shadowy and grey
Far floats the down—far drifts the dream away.

Cigars and Cigarettes.

(After reading Lady Colin Campbell's A Plea for Tobacco, in the English Magazine.)
For Saturday Night.

What is the world coming to
I cannot understand.
What next, ye ladies, will ye do?
What make your next demand?
Here's Lady Colin with her pen
(A matter for regret!)
Advising you to smoke like men,
Cigar and cigarette.

O! Lady Campbell, how 'twould mar
Your joy were fortune cruel;
If asked from your own cigar
Should spoil Lord Colin's glee,
How could you pacify your lord
If such mischance you met?
Unless you swore you'd smoke no more
Cigar and cigarette?

And, ladies all, please don't forget
That such might be the case;
A spark from mamma's cigarette
Might burn the baby's face.
How would ye, then, ye all must own,
Though idle were the regret,
Sincerely wish ye'd let alone
Cigar and cigarette.

No! Take our coats and vests—take all;
Hats, shirts, cuff, collars, ties.
Take all our clothes, aye, even the small,
But take not her advice.
Go hunt and shoot, and fish and game,
Play billiards, race and bet,
But reach not out both hands to claim
Cigar and cigarette.

With all the sciences and arts,
With law and physic too,
Ye surely—bless your pretty hearts—
Should find enough to do.
Make not man's vices all your own,
Nor his worse habits get.
Let, I beseech you, let alone
Cigar and cigarette.

Woe! Wee! to Lady Colin's pen,
That tenders such advice,
What is a moment's pleasure when
'Tis bought at such a price?
What and mischance, what fatal alibi,
What troubles 'twould beget!
Place not between your dainty lips
Cigar or cigarette.

The fragrance of your breath 'twould turn;
Your pearls bested destroy;
The prized mustache of man would burn
In ostentatious joy.
No! No! Touch not the "holy herb,"
But leave without regret
To ladies Austrian, French and Barb,
Cigars and cigarettes.

Toronto. ROLAND.

To My Other Self—My Pipe.

For Saturday Night.
When I look o'er life's battle ground
And think how seldom friends are found,
My heart returns to thee again—
You're dearer than the sons of men.

O, thou my pipe! My dear old friend,
For aye our steps together tread;
You're with me now where'er I go,
And as we walk you stronger grow.

Deepen, O love! together bind
Two friends who know each other's mind,
For if downhearted I should be
You're ever nigh to comfort me.

Oh! could I have a friend more true,
A friend more loving, kind than you?
I hardly think this world supplies
One who can better sympathize.

Where'er I go, where'er I roam,
You always make me feel at home,
Through all my wanderings here below
You're with me still—my old friend or foe.

And if my fortunes here decline,
My friends forsake and I repine,
I still can lay aside my cloak
And draw my cares in these and smoke.

I cannot think, as many do,
It's sin to pass my time with you,
For all vile thoughts are soon dispersed
By thee, whom some despise as cursed.

And as I smoke and pass out rings
And meditate on higher things,
I can't but hush my doublet
You, who have made my life so bliss.

Exiled.
For Saturday Night.
Those few cold words were ringing in my ear,
They seemed a death decree;
And though the bluebirds sang the opening year,
They sang of naught to me.

One parting look in that averted face,
Into those deep, blue eyes;
And now my weary feet the path must pace
To where oblivion lies.

The present dying and the future dead,
And only the past lives;
I dream upon the past, to look ahead
Despair and heartache given.

W. HARVEY.

supporter of their own stripe. Seeing this act the policeman gave chase, whereupon the legal and literary parties fled into the darkness; but the paste-boy stood to his artillery and was captured, and probably to this day pines in a felon's cell. The triumph to be expected in the Ward by the strategy of the Reform lieutenants was more than counterchecked by the machinations of their opponents.

It could not have been more than five minutes after our legal and literary bill-stickers, including the paste-boy, had left the scene of their first attempt, when another small party arrived. They too had posters, paste-brush and paste-boy attached to a pot of paste. Chief among them was a young man connected with an old established real estate business, and a member of the Athenaeum. It did not take them long to paste their placards clean over the "tree of life" put there by the Liberal conspirators. Theirs, too, displayed a tree with wonderful fruit. These are a few samples: "Vote for the N. P. and high wages," "Vote for N. P. and home industries," "Vote for N. P. and help the poor manufacturers," "Vote for N. P. and assist the starving capitalists," "Vote for N. P. and let us have a chance at the fat office," "If bread is only five cents a loaf under free trade, where do you come in if you can't earn three?" "Vote for N. P. and the millennium," and numerous other advantages were set forth. Keeping the legal and literary men in sight the arch-conspirators pasted the N. P. "tree of life" over every one of the other, except the one on the prominent Liberal's door.

As everyone knows, in the election of 1878 St. John's Ward went solid for the N. P.

KAY.

Pete's Snowball.

"Speakin' of snowballin'," said old Pete as he put the remaining half of a plug of black-strap into his mouth, "reminds me of the fun we had once when I wuz a boy."

The loungers settled themselves more comfortably on the barrels and boxes, while the grocery man pulled down the blinds, took a horn from the key labeled "sweet cider" that stood behind the counter, and with a sly wink to himself moved nearer, assuming an air of profound attention.

"Well," continued Pete, "it wuz round about Christmas time, down in Sumville, where I wuz livin' then. The snow lay pretty deep, I must have been nigh to three feet, on quite soft like."

"A lot of us boys wuz up on Widder Green's hill. Now that wuz a hill, I tell you! You could bowl a stone from the topen it wouldn't touch ground more on twice 'fore it reached the bottom. Well, we rolled a snowball on started it downhills."

"Ex I said 'fore, the snow wuz moist, so that there ball growed to an 'nornous size in a jiffy; en go—geewhittaker, how it did go!"

"When it wuz 'bout quarter way down it struck Parson Snorter, who was climbing up to give us boys a lecture, I guess."

"It just hit him square in front, knocked him over, picked him up en took him along."

"Then it run into the Widder Green, who wuz comin' home from doin' washin' in the village, en say, I felt real sorry when I seed her goin' over en over en over, but there wuz no stoppin' that ball. Next it struck old bow-legged Dan Fletcher; it took him along."

"Then it come to a team en a load of wood—did it stop? Not much! It served them in the same way, en kept on rollin' en gettin' bigger en bigger till, to nlp the story off short like, it dropped on the village—"

"And picked that up and took it along," remarked Billy Shanks, from his perch on the apple bin.

"No, it didn't; it stopped there; en I heard a feller say that he seed as much ex four feet of the Methodist church spire stickin' up through that there snowball, but, d' you know, I always believed that feller wuz lyin'."

"He must hev been," said the crowd in a breath, as, with a sorrowful glance at old Pete, they pulled up their coat collars and stole out into the cold, frosty night.

WILL WILD.

The Pig Wasn't to Blame.

Mrs. Josh Hayseed—On the 25th of next November we will celebrate our silver wedding. Don't you think we ought to kill the fat pig and have a big feast?

Mr. Josh Hayseed—Kill the pig! I don't see how the unfortunate animal is to blame for what happened twenty-five years ago.

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Between You and Me.

PERHAPS the hardest thing one has to bear in life is disappointment. How far back it sometimes strikes into our memory corners, and how blackens and blights the possibilities of the To Come! The only thing for neutralization is courage. One hears the phrase, "face a disappointment," but it's not always best worth while to face it. There is a determined turning of one's back that seems to me better. A disappointment only stings as deep as we allow and taken in heroic style it cannot rankle very long. You and I know the plaintive anguish of the pain; every creature meets it in life's uncertain ways, but don't cave in, you sick-hearted; look about you for the compensation which always follows, for it is another life experience that there are compensations, the mightiest of which is the added strengthening and bracing of oneself to conquer the disappointed feeling. Perhaps the most admirable trait of those astonishing Western people whom I wondered at last summer is this very faculty of turning the back upon disaster and ill fortune. They illustrate so marvelously well the adage, "It's no use crying over spilled milk," which we of the Maple Leaf rather lack the buoyancy and the bravery to take as a vital maxim.

People take disappointment comically sometimes. On Tuesday night a lot of us turned out in the bitter cold to attend a much anticipated entertainment. Stern and curt was the notice on the door of the place of meeting, "Postponed until to-morrow," but long and loquacious and varied were the comments evoked thereby. The philosopher grunted placidly and wended his frigid way homeward, with his hands in his pockets and his collar snugly elevated about his ears. The stout old lady demanded explanations and addressed strangers anxiously, some laughed at their disappointment, some grumbled and said mean things about the management, who no doubt engineered a blizzard on purpose to annoy the public and get themselves scolded some smiled and turned aside to a second engagement. All human nature was heard in the gloom of the nightfall, taking its medicine as its wont is to take it, patiently, quietly, angrily, sourly, and in some happy cases, good-naturedly and merrily. That Lady Gay was amongst them is the *raison d'être* of these two paragraphs.

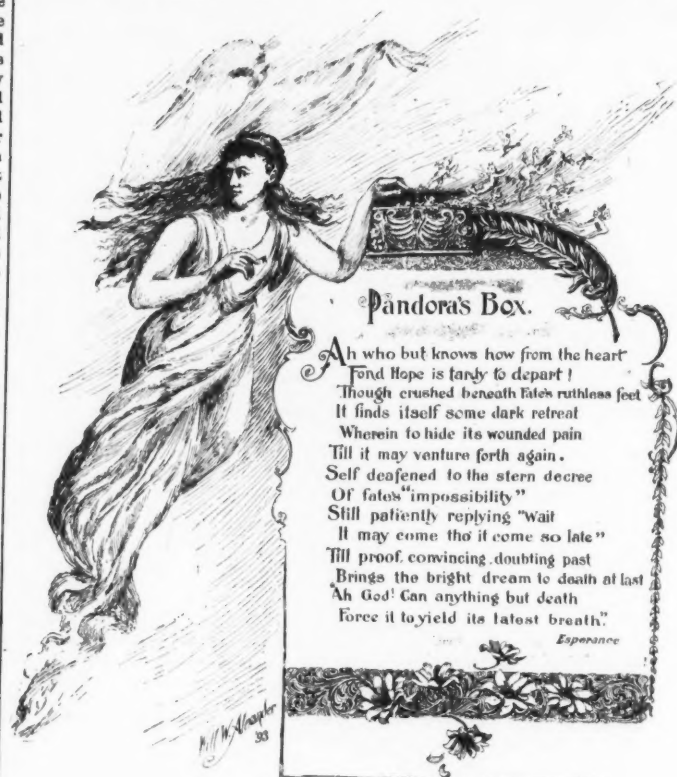
Have you heard of the new departure in New York? A trio of fashionable young men have opened a bonnet shop and they are making a fortune, not because they are curiosities, but because they have exquisite taste and their bonnets are marvels of style and chic. They design and make them themselves, and it's quite a study in topsey-turvy-dom to watch them constructing rosettes and *choux* in satin or velvet and cocking up the flat beaver and felt discs into hitherto unimagined kinks, producing "dreams" of hats and "symphonies" of bonnets, which fairly capture the smart ladies of Gotham. There be artists whose occupation seems to have miscarried, and who paint and sell not, to whom a bonnet shop might prove a gold mine if they turned their taste in that direction.

In their fight for Woman's Rights the franchise and other pioneers were pitilessly scornful and scathing to the men, and a boomerang is coming back upon them. For every taunting, belittling word shouted by excited female spouters I think there has come a useless man, dependent upon some busy woman or sponging upon the world at large. You know there are thousands of people who seem ready to believe anything you tell them. These people hear that man is a tyrant, a savage, a sybarite, a selfish, domineering, sensual wretch (these are not my terms, but are quoted from feminine orations I have listened to) and they believe it, so they become insolent, brusque, self-indulgent and lazy in accordance with the description given by the woman spouter. They suffer, and when we happen to come in contact with them we suffer in our turn. It is hard for the conservative Canadian woman to realize what harm has been done in this wise. As a nation, we rather look up to our men and are not prone to indulge in abuse of them in public, however we may discipline them in the sanctity of the home circle. This is best for us and incomparably best for them, for you and I know what little cattle they are and how much what they depends on what we say they are!

How much hinges (for success) on the way a thing is done. One evening lately, in looking over a programme of readings, I came across one which made me say, "That is vulgar; why do women read things which show them in such disagreeable light?" I remembered a former experience and was disgusted with the notion of a repetition. But when the reader began I remarked a change as she proceeded; little quaint and dainty points were emphasized which the former elocutionist had shrouded, and an air of bright naïveté was given to what had formerly seemed precocious vulgarity. When she finished the selection I was forced to mentally apologize, but there had not been a word altered; it was entirely idealized and refined by the way it was done.

Chew Gum Moderately.

I asked a very famous physician the other day if it was injurious to chew gum—not that I do it and he answered: "Yes and no." "As how?" I enquired. "To chew gum for five or ten minutes after a meal is absolutely beneficial," said he, "especially for hasty eaters, who do not masticate their food, because the action of the jaws causes the gastric juices to flow, and that is good; but so few people can use and not abuse, they get the gum in their mouths, and keep at it till they fairly dry up the saliva supply, bring on a headache and get generally nervous. This will cause indigestion."—*New York Press*.



Pandora's Box.

Ah who but knows how from the heart
Fond Hope is fared to depart!
Though crushed beneath fate's ruthless feet
It finds itself some dark retreat
Wherein to hide its wounded pain
Till it may venture forth again.
Self deafened to the stern decree
Of fate's "impossibility"
Still patiently replying "wait"
It may come tho' it come so late"
Till proof, convincing, doubting past
Brings the bright dream to death of last
Ah God! Can anything but death
Force it to yield its latest breath!"
Esperance

AT THE ART STUDENTS' LEAGUE EXHIBITION.

Art Notes.

THE annual exhibition of sketches by the members of the Toronto Art Students' League at their rooms in the Imperial Bank buildings opens on Monday next, and promises to be of much interest to art lovers. The Souvenir Art Calendar is undoubtedly one of the daintiest art productions of its kind ever issued in Canada. Between its tasty covers in mauve and gold are clever verses by Canadian authors, with decorative settings and illustrations by the artists of the League, and it will be sure to meet with the appreciation which is its due. Among the literary contributors are: Agnes M. Machar, Nellie Spence, Eleanor Adams, Esperance, E. Pauline Johnson, Pelham Edgar, H. W. Charlesworth, P. McArthur, D. A. McKellar, A. H. Howard, Fred H. Sykes. We give four illustrations on this page and one at head of poetry column from the calendar. The pictures which we reproduce will also be found hung at the Art Rooms.

Miss Mason of North street holds an exhibition of china painting on December 18 and 19. Her work is exceptionally good both in design and color. Enamel jewelry and her imitations of coal port are capital. A five o'clock tea set decorated with pink hawthorne is extremely dainty, and also a table-top designed in peonies and set in brass is very pretty.

One cannot always be in a rush of business or a whirl of noisy pleasure. There are times when one wants to hear a milder voice, and in such times there seems to be nothing that can minister so soothingly to one's enjoyment of the finer pleasures of life as a quiet retreat to a little library or a little picture gallery. This musing has been induced by a few peaceful moments just spent in a quiet little inner room in Mr. Bain's place, 53 King street east, where Mr. Manly has on view a collection of his most recent work. A detailed description of the pictures is at present uncalled for, as the collection will remain open to the public until Christmas. There are not many pictures, most of them are small, and nearly all are delicate, refined renderings of nature in her most pleasing aspects. The special aim and intention of the exhibition has evidently been to illustrate the progress of the seasons and the march begins with a graceful allegro in the setting forth of the lightness and airiness of spring color, in which the blossoming of bush and tree plays a valuable part. The passage to the quiet dignity of full-leaved summer gives an opportunity for increased power tone in its

heavier masses of matured foliage, and then "Autumn puts her ruddy gauntlet on 'Of harvest gold to flaunt in foliage's face,'" and the wide-spread greenery disappears to give place to the richer hues of the closing year. Perhaps the most gratifying characteristic of the collection as a whole is the beautiful realization of a sense of atmosphere that is present in all the work. Especially in some of the delightful transcripts of spring one cannot but feel the benign influence of a warm sunshine and a fragrant air, and Mr. Manly seems to have fully realized that the artist who looks for a revelation from nature must leave his studio and seek the inspiration of her immediate presence.

"One Columbus."

THERE are, it is safe to say, but a few people in America who have not heard something about a sailor named Christopher Columbus, who made some stir in the world about four hundred years ago. It may also be believed that some of those who have recently heard his name have wished that he, like the many brave men who lived before Agamemnon, had died "unwept, unknown, in endless night." When Columbus went on his last voyage, there were probably few tears shed by his many enemies who are now dead and buried in oblivion; but assuredly he did not die unknown. The number of times that he appears to have sat for his picture, and the many instances in which his portrait has been painted by artists who presumably never saw him, is one reason for his being, even after his inglorious death, a person of note.

But it is not on his picture alone that his fame rests. The name of the man who found the continent that the stupid Norsemen blundered upon and then lost, deserves to be sounded throughout that land. And sounded it has been of late, and will continue to be, until the world, of which Columbus found such an important part, shall be resolved into its original chaotic state. But of all that has been written of Columbus probably the most unique mention of him has been discovered by a friend of the present writer. It is in a book entitled *A Treatise on the Use of the Globe and the Rudiments of Geography*, by Daniel Fenning, published in London in 1754. This is the extract in which the discoverer's name appears:

AMERICAN ISLANDS OF JAMAICA.

This was discovered by one Columbus and possessed by Penn and Venables in Oliver's time. It was first called *St. Jago*, but afterwards *Jamaica*, in honor of James, duke of York.

This is the sole allusion in the book concerning the man to the music of whose name "the world revolved from night to day." "One Columbus," when taken after the recent surfeit of Columbian literature, is, to say the least, deliciously refreshing. Before Columbus started on his memorable voyage, he was considered a lunatic; when he returned many thought him a liar; and during the past year literary Ishmaels have made insinuations from which one might be led to believe that the only reason that he discovered America was in order to spite his crew. All these pleasant reflections on Columbus's character have done much for him in the line of "personal advertising," and it is certain that no other writer has damned the explorer with such faint praise as the author of *A Treatise on the Use of the Globe and the Rudiments of Geography*.

The question is: Was Daniel Fenning a humorist, and as such even more worthy of commendation than the Innocents who managed to control their emotions at the sight of Columbus's penmanship? Or was he what his initials imply? HARRY A. WOODWORTH.

Parraboro, N. S.

What Is Fashion?

It is the rule of rules and the general law of all laws that every person should observe the fashions of the place where he is.—*Montaigne*. Fashion is the science of appearances, and it inspires one with the desire to seem rather than to be.—*E. H. Chapin*. Every generation laughs at the old fashions, but follows religiously the new.—*Thorau*. Fashion is, for the most part, nothing but the ostentation of riches.—*Locke*.

Without depth of thought, or earnestness of feeling, or strength of purpose, living an unreal life, sacrificing substance to show, substituting the fictitious for the natural, mistaking a crowd for society, finding its chief pleasure in ridicule, and exhausting its ingenuity in expedients for killing time, fashion is among the last influences under which a human being who respects himself, or who comprehends the great end of life, would desire to be placed.—*Channing*.

A top of fashion is the mercer's friend, the tailor's fool and his own foe.—*Lavater*. Change of fashions is the tax which industry imposes on the vanity of the rich.—*Chamfort*. Thus grows up fashion, an equivocal semblance; the most pleasant, the most fantastic and frivolous, the most feared and followed, and which morals and violence assault in vain.—*Emerson*.

Fashion is gentility running away from vulgarity and afraid of being overtaken by it. It is a sign the two things are not far asunder.—*Hazlitt*.

Fashion is a word which knaves and fools may use to excuse their knavery and folly.—*Churchill*.

The mere leader of fashion has no genuine claim to supremacy; at least, no abiding assurance of it. He has embroidered his title upon his waistcoat, and carried his worth in his watch chain; and if he is allowed any real precedence for this, it is almost a moral swindle—a way of obtaining goods under false pretences.—*E. H. Chapin*.

Fashion is a tyrant from which nothing frees us. We must suit ourselves to its fantastic tastes. But being compelled to live under its foolish laws, the wise man is never the first to follow, nor the last to keep them.—*Pascal*.

He alone is a man who can resist the genius of the age, the tone of fashion, with vigorous simplicity and modest courage.—*Lavater*. Avoid singularity. There may often be less vanity in following the new modes than in adhering to the old ones. It is true that the foolish invent them, but the wise may conform to instead of contradicting them.—*Joubert*.

When General Butler was in command at New Orleans during the rebellion, he was informed that Father Ryan, priest and poet, had been expressing rebellious sentiments, and had said he would even refuse to hold funeral service for a dead Yankee. General Butler sent for him in haste, and began roundly scolding him for expressing such un-Christian and rebellious sentiments. "General," the wily priest answered, "you have been misinformed; I would be pleased to conduct funeral services for all the Yankee officers and men in New Orleans."—*Argonaut*.

Explained.

Briggs—I saw a district messenger boy in a horse car get up and give his seat to a lady the other day.

Griggs—What suggested the idea to him?

Briggs—He wanted to get out.

The Passimist—Do you really think the world will ever be Christianized?

The Optimist—You bet I do. And, at the rate the heathen are being wiped out by these machine guns nowadays, it won't be long, either.—*Argonaut*.

Wild-eyed Man—Gimme a box of rat poison. Clerk (suspiciously)—Do any of your neighbors sing After the Ball?

"No."

"Here you are, sir. Twenty-five cents, please."—*N. Y. Weekly*.

THE ABSENT-MINDED MAN.

Jerome K. Jerome in *Detroit Free Press*.

You ask him to dine with you on Thursday to meet a few people who are anxious to know him.

"Now don't make a muddle of it," you say, recollectful of former mishaps, "and come on Wednesday."

He laughs good-naturedly as he hunts through the room for his diary.

"Shan't be able to come Wednesday," he says; "shall be at the Mansion House, sketching dresses, and on Friday I start for Scotland so as to be at the opening of the exhibition on Saturday; it's bound to be all right this time. Where the deuce is that diary? Never mind, I'll make a note of it on this; you can see me do it."

You stand over him while he writes the appointment down on foolscap, and watch him pin it up over his desk. Then you come away contented.

"I do hope he'll turn up," you say to your wife on the Thursday evening, while dressing. "Are you sure you made it clear to him?" she replies suspiciously; and you instinctively feel that whatever happens she is going to blame you for it.

Eight o'clock arrives, and, with it, the other guests. At half past eight your wife is beckoned mysteriously out of the room, where the parlor maid informs her that the cook has expressed a determination, in case of further delay, to wash her hands, figuratively speaking, of the whole affair.

Your wife, returning, suggests that, if the dinner is to be eaten at all, it had better be begun. She evidently considers that in pretending to expect him you have been merely playing a part, and that it would have been manlier and more straightforward for you to have admitted at the beginning that you had forgotten to invite him.

During the soup and the fish you recount anecdotes of his unpunctuality. By the time the *entree* arrives, the empty chair has begun to cast a gloom over the dinner, and, with the joint, the conversation drifts into talk about dead relatives.

On Friday, at a quarter past eight, he dashes up to the door and rings violently. Hearing his voice in the hall you go to meet him.

"Sorry I'm late," he sings out cheerily, "fool of a cabman took me to Alfred place instead of—"

"Well, what do you want, now you are come?" you interrupt, feeling anything but genial towards him. He is an old friend so you can be rude to him.

He laughs and slaps you on the shoulder.

"Why, my dinner, my dear boy; I'm starving."

"Oh," you grunt in reply. "Well, you go and get it somewhere else then. You're not going to have it here."

"What the devil do you mean?" he says. "You asked me to dinner."

"I did nothing of the kind," you tell him.

"I asked you to dinner on Thursday, not on Friday."

He stares at you incredulously.

"How did I get Friday fixed in my mind?" he asks enquiringly.

"Because yours is the sort of mind that would get Friday firmly fixed in it, when Thursday was the day," you explain.

"I thought you had to be off to Edinburgh to-night," you add.

"Great Scott!" he cries, "so I have," and without another word he dashes out, and you hear him rushing down the road, shouting for the cab he has just dismissed.

As you return to your study, you reflect that he will have to travel all the way to Scotland in evening dress, and will have to send out the hotel porter in the morning to buy him a suit of ready-made clothes, and are glad.

Matters work out still more awkwardly when it is he who is the host. I remember being with him on his house boat one day. It was a little after twelve, and we were sitting on the edge of the boat, dangling our feet in the river—the spot was a lonely one, halfway between Wallingford and Day's Lock. Suddenly, round the bend, appeared two skiffs, each one containing six elaborately dressed persons. As soon as they caught sight of us they began waving handkerchiefs and parasols.

"Hallo," I said, "here's some people hailing you."

"Oh, they all do that about here," he answered, without looking up; "some beanfeast from Abington, I expect."

The boat drew nearer. When about two hundred yards off, an elderly gentleman raised himself upon the prow of the leading one and shouted to us.

McQuae heard his voice and gave a start that all but pitched him into the water.

"Good God!" he cried; "I'd forgotten all about it."

"About what?" I asked.

"Why, it's the Palmers and the Grahams and the Hendersons. I've asked them all over to lunch, and there's not a blessed thing on board but two mutton chops and a pound of potatoes, and I've given the boy a holiday."

Another day I was lunching with him at the Junior Hogarth, when a man named Hallyard, a mutual friend, strolled across to us.

"What are you fellows going to do this afternoon?" he asked, seating himself at the opposite side of the table.

"I'm going to stop here and write letters," I answered.

"Come with me if you want something to do," said McQuae; "I'm going to drive Leena down to Richmond." ("Leena" was the young lady he recollected being engaged to. It transpired afterwards that he was engaged to three girls at the time. The other two he had forgotten all about.) "It's a roomy seat at the back."

"Oh, all right," said Hallyard, and they went away together in a hansom.

An hour and a half later Hallyard walked into the smoking-room, looking depressed and worn, and flung himself into a chair.

"I thought you were going to Richmond with McQuae," I said.

"So did I," he answered.

"Had an accident?" I asked.

"Yes." He was decidedly curt in his replies.

"Car upset?" I continued.

"No—only me."

His grammar and his nerves seemed thoroughly shaken.

I waited for an explanation, and after a while he gave it.

"We got to Putney," he said, "with just an occasional run into a tram-car, and were going up the hill, when suddenly he turned a corner—over the curb, across the road and into the opposite lamp-post. Of course, as a rule, one is prepared for it, but I never reckoned on his turning up there, and the first thing I recollect is finding myself in the middle of the street with a dozen fools grinning at me. It takes a man a few minutes in such a case to think where he is and what has happened; and when I got up they were some distance away. I ran after them for a quarter of a mile, shouting at the top of my voice, and accompanied by a mob of boys. But one might as well have tried to hail the dead, so I took the 'bus back.'"

"They might have guessed what had happened," he added, "by the shifting of the cart, if they had any sense. I'm not a light weight."

He complained of soreness, and said he would go home. I suggested a cab, but he replied that he would rather walk.

I met McQuae in the evening at the St. James' Theater. It was a first night, and he was taking sketches for the *Graphic*. The moment he saw me he made his way across to me.

"The very man I wanted to see," he said. "Did I take Hallyard with me in the cart to Richmond this afternoon?"

"You did," I replied.

"So Leena says," he answered, greatly bewildered; "but I'll swear he wasn't there when we got to the Queen's Hotel."

"It's all right," I said; "you dropped him at Putney."

"Dropped him at Putney!" he repeated. "I've no recollection of doing so."

"He has," I answered. "You ask him about it. He's full of it."

Everybody said he never would get married—that it was absurd to suppose he would ever remember the day, the church and the girl all in one morning—that, if he did get as far as the altar, he would forget what he had come for, and would give the bride away to his own best man. Hallyard had an idea that he was already married, but that the fact had slipped his memory. I myself felt sure that if he did marry he would forget all about it next day.

But everybody was wrong. By some miraculous means the ceremony got itself accomplished, so that if Hallyard's idea be correct (as to which there is every possibility), there will be trouble. As for my own fears, I dismissed them the moment I saw the lady. She was a charming, cheerful little woman, but did not look the type that would let him forget all about it.

I had not seen him since his marriage, which had happened in the spring. Working my way back from Scotland by easy stages, I stopped for a few days at Scarborough. After *table d'hôte* I put on my mackintosh, and went out for a walk. It was raining hard, but after a month in Scotland one does not notice English weather, and I wanted some air. Struggling along the dark beach with my head against the wind, I stumbled over a crouching figure that was seeking to shelter itself a little from the storm under the lee of the Spa wall.

I expected it to swear at me, but it seemed too rotten-spirited to mind anything.

"I beg your pardon," I said, "I did not see you."

At the sound of my voice it started to its feet. "Is that you, old man?" it cried.

"McQuae!" I exclaimed.

"By jove," he said, "I was never so glad to see a man in all my life before." And he nearly shook my hand off.

"But what in thunder," I said, "are you doing here? Why, you're drenched to the skin." He was dressed in flannels and a tennis coat.

"Yes," he answered; "I never thought it would rain. It was a lovely morning."

"Why don't you go home?" I asked.

"I can't," he replied. "I don't know where I live. I've forgotten the address."

I began to fear that he had overworked himself into a brain fever.

"For heaven's sake," he said, "take me somewhere and give me something to eat. I'm literally starving."

"Not a sou," he answered. "We got in here from York, the wife and I, about eleven. We left our things at the station, and started to hunt for apartments. As soon as we were fixed, I changed my clothes and came out for a walk, telling Maud I should be back at one to lunch. Like a fool I never took the address, and never noticed the way I was going."

"It's an awful business," he continued; "I don't see how I'm ever going to find her. I hoped she might stroll down to the Spa in the evening, and I've been hanging about the gates ever since six. I hadn't the threepence to go in."

"But you have no notion of the sort of street, or the kind of house it was?" I enquired.

"Not a ghost," he replied. "I left it all to Maud and didn't trouble."

"Have you tried any of the lodging houses?" I asked.

"Trick!" he exclaimed bitterly. "I've been knocking at doors and asking if Mrs. McQuae lives there, steadily all the afternoon, and they slam the door in my face mostly without answering. I told a policeman; I thought perhaps he might suggest something. But the idiot only burst out laughing, and that made me so mad that I gave him a black eye and had to cut. I expect they're on the lookout for me now."

"I went into a restaurant," he continued gloomily, "and tried to get them to trust me for a steak. But the proprietress said she'd heard that tale before and ordered me out before all the other customers. I think I'd have drowned myself if you hadn't turned up."

After a change of clothes and some supper, he discussed the case more calmly, but it was really a serious affair. They had shut up their flat, and his wife's relations were traveling abroad. There was no one to whom he could send a letter to be forwarded; there was no one with whom she would be likely to communicate. Their chance of meeting again in this world appeared remote.

Nor did it seem to me—fond as he was of his wife and anxious as he undoubtedly was to recover her—that he looked forward to the actual meeting, should it ever arrive, with any too pleasurable anticipation.

"She will think it strange," he murmured reflectively, sitting on the edge of the bed and thoughtfully pulling off his socks. "She is sure to think it strange."

The following day, which was Wednesday, we went to a solicitor and laid the case before him, and he instituted enquiries among all the lodging-house keepers in Scarborough, with the result that on Thursday afternoon Mr. Quae was restored (after the manner of an Adelphi hero in the last act) to his home and wife.

I asked him next time I met him, what she had said.

"Oh, much what I expected," he replied. But he never told me what he had expected.

The Wall-Flower.

I wish I was dead! I am twenty-eight years old. I never really noticed it till now. I am perfectly sound in limb and wind, as they say of horses; I can't find a wrinkle or a crow's-foot on my face, if I look ever so hard; I could dance all night without stopping—but no matter! I have had my day, and the sooner I realize the fact the better.

I suppose I oughtn't to complain; I've had a good time, on the whole. I came out and was made a fuss about, and lots of people fell in love with me—and that's always supposed to be pleasant. Not for them, poor things—but, then, no woman ever thinks of that.

I've danced, and flirted, and gossiped, and amused myself generally, and made a business of pleasure. If the dancing-shoes I've worn out were collected, what a heap there would be! And all the frocks I've worn, and torn, and put my foot through—and the bouquets I've ruined—and the compliments I've had—and the offers I've refused! Oh, yes, I was a success—not a doubt of it!

And now, what's the good of it all? I've made a certain number of people quite miserable; but I've never been in love myself—not really—except—perhaps—

I was very heartless. I've been told times out of number that I had "no heart." Men always say that when a girl refuses them, to save their own vanity; but in my case I dare say it was true.

Well, nobody cares now if I have a heart or not. It's all different. I have got a certain number of friends, whose step suits mine, who ask me for dances, but without enthusiasm, and talk to me of this or that "dear little thing over there, who is enjoying herself so!" They say I'm a "good sort" and a "real friend." A friend! What has friendship to do in a ball-room?

I can see the ball-room reflected in the mirror here. How nice and cool the glass is to my hot cheek! What a fool I must look—only there is nobody can see me—and if they did they wouldn't care. Nobody misses me. There's Laura Gray! She tries to be the good Samaritan of the ball-room. Don't let me catch her eye or she will come and throw me a cast-off partner of her own. She's a kind girl, Laura, but I don't want charity dances. I should say I was engaged. I will not dance with veterans or boys. I had rather sit out.

How decidedly melancholy dance-music is! I never noticed it so much before. I could lie down on the floor this very minute and howl, if I were to let myself go.

Suppose I were to cross the room and talk to Mrs. Fleming! Anything to seem occupied! No, I see she is asleep, and if she were not, she would only tell me of Violet's perfections. I see them—everybody sees them—Oh, dear! There is Violet—with John Forrest. He is looking at her exactly as he used to look at me eight years ago. Why did we quarrel? My fault, I begin to think. I suppose it was; but I know I felt very much in the right at the time. I am not sure now if—And he has not said more than three words to me since! It's rather awkward! We have to go on meeting, as we move in the same sets, and both he and I hate a fuss. Oh, the world, the world! Anything not to have people talk. But he has never forgiven me. If he were to ask me for a dance, now, I should think the end of the world had come! I needn't be afraid, though, I was much too horrid.

Sometimes, lately—I have thought—that he would be glad to—oh, it's just my fancy! And I don't want him to, either!

I wonder if he really cares for Violet Fleming! She's delightfully young—and naive—and enthusiastic. I know he thinks so—but she has the reddest arms I ever saw!

Oh, don't let me be spiteful!

I know that cadence. The value is nearly over. They will all come by. That's the most awful moment of all! I wish I was talking to Mrs. Fleming. It is so hateful to have to try and look unconcerned, and as if I were sitting here because I preferred it.

Oh, I can't bear it. I'll marry. I'll marry Mr. Brown. He adores me—he is only waiting, as Herbert's poem says:

"That weariness may lose me to his breast."

I absolutely condescend to let him see that I don't absolutely dislike him. I shall marry him, and live in the country! How terrible! But it's the only way out of it—for me!

Yes, for me, but for him! I don't love him. How could I! I should have to tell him, and even a Mr. Brown is not so abject as to marry a woman who tells him point-blank that she can only promise to—tolerate him! And if I don't tell him, it would be mean.

No, I'll go into a convent. How dull! Not so dull as marrying Mr. Brown, though.

Here they all come! I must try and look unconcerned! I know every stick of my fan by heart, but I will pretend it interests me deeply. I can see over the top of it.

Here's the first couple! Billy Danvers and



Miss Forrest! I was his first love, and he's trying hard to make Grace Forrest think she is. Let him!

Mrs. Jenkyn and our host! She's a widow. I wish someone would make me a widow. What am I saying! But she's ten years older than I am, and she laughs like a child. That's the good of being a widow.

Here's Mr. Hastings. He really was in love with me once, so now he detests me. "A man scorned" is much worse than a woman scorned. He won't even look at me. No—straight pass!

Why, here's Violet—with Mr. Darcy! I thought she was dancing with John Forrest! And John Forrest—alone!

May you have a dance Mr. Forrest! I—I—yes, certainly. The next! The next but one.

Oh, good heavens! The end of the world!—or the beginning!—Black and White.

California and Mexico.

The Wabash Railway has now on sale Winter Tourist Tickets, at the lowest rates ever made, to Old Mexico and California. These rates are available for the Winter Fair at San Francisco. The banner route in the Great Trunk Line that passes through six states of the Union and has the most superb and magnificent trains in America. Full particulars may be had from any railroad agent or J. A. Richardson, Canadian Passenger Agent, N. E. corner King and Yonge streets, Toronto.

Syms—Well, there is one great advantage about Brooklyn. Syms—For heaven's sake, what is it? Syms—It's near New York.—Raymond's Monthly.

A New Through Sleeping Car Line

FROM CHICAGO TO SEATTLE
Via the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul and Great Northern railways, has been established, and first-class sleeping cars will hereafter run daily from Chicago at 10.30 p.m., arriving at Seattle 11.30 p.m., fourth day. This is undoubtedly the best route to reach the North Pacific coast.

For time tables, maps and other information apply to the nearest ticket agent or address A. J. TAYLOR, Canadian Pass. Agent, G. M. and St. P. RY, 87 York street, Toronto, Ont.

His Inheritance.

Fred—How do you come to have such red hair?
Timagin—Inherited it from me father.
"But you have brown whiskers. How's that?"

"Of dunno. Inherited from me mother, O' guess!"

"Where did you get your sense of humor?"
"Inherited from me step-mother.—Truth."

English Opinion

A writer in *Heraclitus's* London, England, *Railway and Commercial Journal*, of February 6, 1892, in an article on American Railroads, says:

"The railway system of America is vast. It

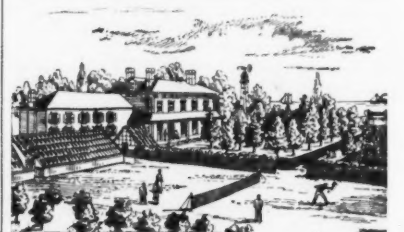


M. Hammerly, a well-known business man of Hillsboro, Va., sends this testimony to the merits of Ayer's Sarsaparilla: "Several years ago, I hurt my leg, the injury leaving a sore which led to erysipelas. My sufferings were extreme, my leg, from the knee to the ankle, being a solid sore, which began to extend to other parts of the body. After trying various remedies, I began taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and, before I had finished the first bottle, I experienced great relief; the second bottle effected a complete cure."

Ayer's Sarsaparilla
Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Cures others, will cure you

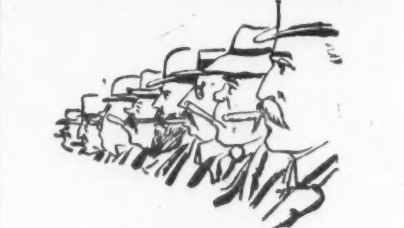
extends to 171,000 miles, which, compared with our 23,000 miles, is big.
After commenting at considerable length on the comparative merits of various American railroads he closes with this remarkable sentence:
"The New York Central is no doubt the best line in America, and a very excellent line it is, equal probably to the best English line."

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Whitens the TEETH and Sweetens the Breath
The Most Agreeable Dentifrice in Use



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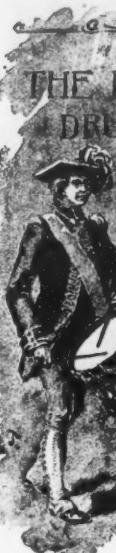


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strangely like gro...
It was about on...
there was a carriage...
the little village...
situated about four...
to the Chateau du...
their heads turned...
becoming restless...
sudden gust of w...
others, blew out th...
"Stop, Jean!"...
of the carriage.

The coachman...
his seat. He took...
brides, and callin...
them with his han...
"Can you see a...
same voice.

"Yes," replied J...
It is in the cottage...
it is a very humble...
very poor."

"What's the di...
the carriage; "we...
better there than in...
The door of the...
man, holding a ver...
stepped out and ra...
by the coachman.

the cottage, which...
man, or rather a...
years of age.

"You here, M...
claimed the boy in...
"Yes," replied th...
and placed on a

which was nothing...
about the same age...
door.

They were of the...
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beautiful blue eyes...
and had an air of th...
him that was pitiful

The room in wh...
daughter had sought...
and was dimly light...
The only articles o...
wooden chairs, a cl...
the corner, a bed on...
lying.

The Marquis look...
and the lad, who a...
questions, said:

"Oh, we do not liv...
know, my mother is...
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The young girl sh...
boy at once threw so

which blazed up at...
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ing woman. Her po...
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The boy ran to her...
with which they had...
"Yes, my poor Ma...
qule, "we were over



THE night of the twenty-fourth of December, 1788, was a stormy one. The rain fell in torrents; the wind blew furiously, and, at each gust, the dead branches fell from the trees with noises that sounded

strangely like groans.

It was about one o'clock in the morning, and there was a carriage on the road leading from the little village of Croix Daurade, which is situated about four kilometres from Toulouse, to the Chateau de Palificat. The horses had their heads turned toward the gale, and were becoming restless and unmanageable, when a sudden gust of wind, more violent than the others, blew out the light in the lanterns.

"Stop, Jean!" said a voice from the inside of the carriage.

The coachman obeyed, and descended from his seat. He took the nervous horses by the bridles, and, calling each by name, he stroked them with his hand to quiet them.

"Can you see a light anywhere?" asked the same voice.

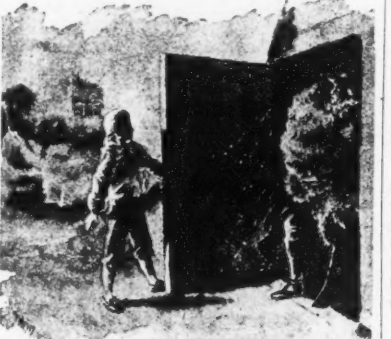
"Yes," replied Jean, "there is one very near. It is in the cottage of the *Margaretto*; but it is a very humble place, and *Marguerite* is very poor."

"What's the difference?" said the man in the carriage; "we will, at any rate, be much better there than in this raging storm."

The door of the carriage was opened, and a man, holding a very large bundle in his arms, stepped out and ran in the direction indicated by the coachman. He knocked at the door of the cottage, which was opened by a young man, or rather a youth, of fourteen or fifteen years of age.

"You here, Monsieur le Marquis!" exclaimed the boy in astonishment.

"Yes," replied the Marquis, as he entered and placed on a chair his precious bundle,



"You here, Monsieur le Marquis!"

which was nothing else than a young girl of about the same age as the boy who opened the door.

They were of the same age; but, in other respects, how different! The girl was wrapped in a long cloak of rich fur, through the openings of which could be seen a dress of garnet satin. Her pretty blonde hair was covered with a lace-lined cap, under which shone her beautiful blue eyes. The boy was pale, thin, and had an air of timidity and misery about him that was pitiful to see.

The room in which the Marquis and his daughter had sought shelter was cold and bare, and was dimly lighted by a solitary candle. The only articles of furniture were a few wooden chairs, a clock, an old table, and, in the corner, a bed on which a sick woman was lying.

The Marquis looked about him in surprise; and the lad, who seemed to anticipate his questions, said:

"Oh, we do not live in luxury here; but, you know, my mother is a widow, and she has been sick for two years. I earn barely enough to keep us from starving by tending the flocks."

The young girl shivered with cold; and the boy at once threw some pine-knots on the fire.



On a bed a sick woman lay

which blazed up at once, filling the room with a bright dancing light. The sudden illumination awakened the sleeping woman. Her pale and ghastly face resembled that of a corpse.

The boy ran to her side to announce the visit with which they had been honored.

"Yes, my poor *Marguerite*," said the Marquis, "we were overtaken by the storm on our

way back from the Midnight Mass, and we have sought shelter here."

The poor woman had barely strength to nod her head and to murmur a few words of welcome.

"What is your name?" asked the Marquis of the boy.

"Francis,"

"Are you a shepherd?"

"Yes, monsieur; they are your flocks that I tend."

"How much do you earn?"

"It depends. In the busy season three sous a day; sometimes less than that."

"Is that all?"

"We live on that, my mother and I; or, rather, we do not starve altogether."

"Poor people!" exclaimed the young girl.

There was so much sweetness and genuine compassion in her tone that Francis was greatly touched at the words. He fixed his glance upon the aristocratic demoiselle, and felt one of those instinctive sentiments of sympathy which are often experienced at the first sight of a person whose character harmonizes with one's own.

The storm was now almost over, and only a light rain was falling. The Marquis called to the coachman, who relighted the lantern and drove the carriage to the door of the cottage.

"Come, *mignonne*, let us hurry to the chateau," said the Marquis to his daughter.

Jeanne de Sicaud wrapped herself again in her cloak; but, before leaving, she slipped into Francis's hand a gold coin, the first one that had ever shone in that miserable hut.

The next day, and all the days following, Jeanne came to see the poor invalid, who, from that time, was in need neither of food, medicines nor care. But *Marguerite*, who was worn out with privations and disease, could not recover; and a month later she died in the arms of her son.

Francis vowed eternal gratitude to their young benefactress. Thanks to the tender charity of the young girl, his mother had died, not in the misery and squalor in which she had lived so long, but surrounded by every comfort that could make her end less painful.

On her side, Jeanne was greatly impressed with the mild disposition and the honesty of the young shepherd, and she persuaded her father to place him in the convent of the Jacobins at Toulouse as an oblate.

It was a great opportunity for the young peasant; he could receive an education, and, later, he would be received into the order either as an instructor or as a lay brother, according to his disposition and talents.

Jeanne came to spend in Toulouse the winter which followed Francis's entrance into the convent. Each Sunday she went to mass at the Dominican convent, for it was there that the most renowned preachers could be heard, and the ceremonies were performed with a pomp that was not equaled in any of the churches of the city.

Francis assisted at these ceremonies as an acolyte, carrying a great silver candelstick, or swinging the censer, whose smoke filled the chapel with the delicious perfumes of the Orient. Sometimes he went around the aisles with the monk who took up the collections; and, in passing Jeanne de Sicaud's pew, the young oblate could not resist lifting up his eyes to her, to which timid but heartfelt salutation she would always reply by a sign of

recognition which was imperceptible to everyone else, but which was not lost upon Francis.

In the spring Jeanne returned to the Chateau de Croix Daurade, and Francis might pass and repass her pew as often as he pleased, she no longer came to the chapel. This caused him a deep and genuine grief, which was all the more bitter because there was no one to whom he could confide it.

It was in the month of February of this year that the religious orders were suppressed by a decree of the Assembly, and the doors of all the convents were thrown open. There were many monks who were quite willing to break their vows, shave off their beards and exchange their cassocks for the clothes of civil life. Francis, who was now sixteen years old, and did not feel that he had a strong vocation for the monastery, abandoned the convent with the others. On a bright day in the month of March, he found himself free on the streets of Toulouse with nothing in his pockets but the few francs that had been given to each monk who laid aside his beads and cassock.

But what was the poor boy to do? He had neither parents nor friends, and he was a stranger in the city. His first idea was to go to see his benefactress at the Chateau de Croix Daurade, but he did not dare. What could she think of his resolution to abandon a religious life; and what reception would he give to one who had shown such poor appreciation of the favors she had done him?

As he was wandering aimlessly about the streets, his attention was drawn to a poster

which gave notice that boys were wanted to enlist as drummers in the National Guard which was then being organized.

Francis presented himself at the registrar's office, where he was enlisted, clothed in a uniform, and given his drum and sticks on the spot. The boy had never had a drumstick in



He saw the Posters.

his hands before; but each day he practiced on the banks of the Canal Riquet, and he learned so rapidly that, by the 14th of July, the day of the first Federation, he was the admiration of the town for the way in which he beat the marches at the head of the company.

For he really made a fine appearance in his blue uniform with the red trimmings, his hat a little to one side and large tri-colored plume partly obscuring his face. He was now a tall-well built young man, with a frank and handsome face and large dark eyes which seemed to emit sparks of fire, so brightly did they shine beneath their black lashes. Many people in the crowd exclaimed when they saw him pass by:

"Oh, the handsome drummer-boy!"

In front of the Boulingrin, where the National Guard was reviewed daily, Francis saw Jeanne standing beside her father. She recognized him, but he did not have time to see what effect the sight of him had produced on her; for the regiment was marching on double-quick time, and she appeared to him only as a sort of a vision, but one of those visions which are never forgotten. For a week he thought of nothing else than Jeanne de Sicaud. By night he dreamed of her, and by day, as he marched with his regiment, he looked at every street corner in the hope that he would see his benefactress there, and that she also would exclaim, as he had heard so many others:

"Oh, the handsome drummer boy!"

But he did not see her again. It was in vain that he strained his eyes to distinguish every face in the crowds he passed; she was not in Toulouse.

Three years passed away. Events succeeded each other in those days with frightful rapidity. The ancient order of things no longer existed; the Republic had replaced the Monarchy, and the head of Louis XVI. had fallen under the knife of the guillotine. The nobles had emigrated in great numbers, and many of them had placed themselves at the head of armies which were marching against France.

Francis had become a soldier, and was taking part in the campaign of the Rhine. He had been promoted rapidly to the successive ranks of sergeant, sub lieutenant and captain, which was very easy and very usual in those days, when our victorious armies were commanded by beardless colonels and generals of twenty-one.

One day Francis was at the head of a detachment in a skirmish with an Austrian convoy. Our soldiers, who were as brave as lions,

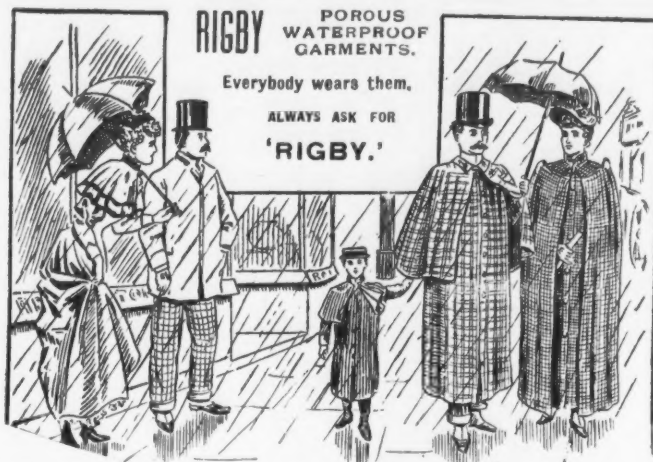


At the head of his detachment.

were not long in putting to flight their white coated enemies, who left their chief wounded on the field.

What was the astonishment of Francis when he approached and found in this Austrian leader the Marquis de Sicaud, Jeanne's father! The Marquis, like many of those who had emigrated, had taken up arms against his country.

Francis, acting on his authority as captain, made the Marquis a prisoner on parole; and, in place of taking him to the camp, he left him at a neighboring farm, where every attention was shown him, and his wound, which was not a serious one, quickly healed. Thanks to the



Mrs. De Wet—There, Reginald, are those Rigby Waterproofs I have been telling you about. Can't you see how stylish and comfortable they look? and they are just lovely for winter weather. You always wait till every body else in the world adopts a new thing before you will believe in it. We really must have them at once.

Mrs. Updeade—Dear me, what a sight those De Wets are out on the streets a day like this without Rigby Garments. It takes some people a lifetime to learn how to be comfortable. Just think how we used to be comfortable in those horrid Rubber Waterproofs, and such smelling things.

fact that the young captain stood very near in favor of the general, it was not very difficult for him to obtain a pardon for his former master. Fortunately, the property of the Marquis had not been sold, and it was restored to him as a mark of special favor.

When he was reinstated in the Chateau de Palificat, the Marquis de Sicaud brought his daughter back from Turin, where she had remained during his absence. Francis obtained a furlough, and came to spend three months with them at the chateau, where he was received, as one can well imagine, with open arms.

"It is the captain," said the Marquis to his daughter, "that you must thank for the fact



It is the Captain.

that you are not a penniless orphan. I can truly say that I received my life and my property at his hands."

But little more need be said. Francis and Jeanne had loved each other for years before the Marquis had been placed under such singular obligations to the young man. Their marriage was celebrated with much pomp in the little church of Croix Daurade; and it is said that their union—like those in the romances—was blessed with many children.

The day after the wedding, Francis and his bride visited the little cottage where the *Margaretto* had died, and where Jeanne and her father had sought shelter from the storm on their return from the Midnight Mass.

"It is here," said Francis to his wife, "that I fully realize all you have done for me; and it is here that I first fell in love with you."—*Short Stories.*

Mr. Chas. Spanner, the enterprising Yonge street jeweler, is showing some beautiful goods suitable for Xmas presents. Among some of the specially reduced priced articles are ladies' solid gold hunting case watches, with gold chain complete for \$20; in silver, for \$5.50 upwards; and possibly what is the best value ever shown in Toronto is a lady's solitaire genuine diamond ring set in 14k solid gold for \$5.

Uncle Haymower—I want a gallon o' yaller. Lady—sakes alive. A gallon of what? Uncle Haymower—Gallon o' yaller paint; ye see I want to paint my new barn and I want it fresh.

Lady—Paint? Why, this is a millinery store. Uncle Haymower—Wall, I see you have a sign "Fresh Paint" thar at the door's the reason I axed.—*Light.*

DUNN'S BAKING POWDER
THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND
LARGEST SALE IN CANADA.

TRY OUR NEW

Winter Beverages
IN SYRUP FORM

Ginger Mint Coffee
Hot Tom Pepper Punch
Elderberry Ainsette

INSTRUCTIONS:—Serve HOT with plain hot water, or COLD with siphon or plain soda.

IN QUART BOTTLES 35c.

Making Sixteen Large Glasses.

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CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

CURE

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK

Headache, yet CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE

is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for \$1. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail. CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

WASTING

Diseases are often difficult to remedy.

SCOTT'S EMULSION

OF PURE NORWEGIAN COD LIVER OIL AND HYPOPHOSPHITES OF LIME AND SODA.

will restore a lost appetite, lost flesh, and check wasting diseases, especially in children, with wonderful rapidity. Coughs and colds are easily killed by a few doses of this remarkable remedy. PALATABLE AS MILK. Be sure to get the genuine, put up in salmon-colored wrappers. Prepared only by Scott & Bowne, Belleville.

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ESSENCE

A Bottle of Good Coffee Essence is the Bachelor's Friend and the Housewife's Help.

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SYMINGTON

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ADAMS' PEPsin
TUTTI FRUTTI
FOR INDIGESTION.
SEE THAT TUTTI FRUTTI IS ON EACH 5¢ PACKAGE.

ASK YOUR GROCER FOR THE

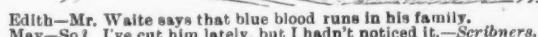
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The most delicious Tea on the market.

STEEL, HAYTER & CO.

Spohr's oratorio, *The Last Judgment*, will be



time. The more exacting compositions, such as the Mephisto Valse and the Polka in E were played with an evident reserve of technical resources which is generally characteristic of Mr. Field's performances and adds much to the effect of his playing. The less enjoyable was his expressive and refined rendition of the technically exacting numbers, his versatility being

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Table Covers, Pillow Covers, Table Centers, &c.
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Modern and Antique Rugs, Kelisms, Gourkas,
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Holly, palm leaves, mistletoe, wreathing,
southern holly for Christmas at the Steele,
Briggs, Marcon Seed Co., 130 King street east,
Toronto.

The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb.

Births.

RENNIE—Dec. 3, Mrs. Robert Rennie—a daughter.
LE MESURIER—Dec. 4, Mrs. G. Le Mesurier—a son.
WALLIS—Dec. 7, Mrs. J. M. Wallis—a son.
W. M. Kelly of New Brunswick.
W. LAUGHLIN—Dec. 10, Mrs. J. F. McLaughlin—a son.
MACPHERSON—Dec. 7, Mrs. J. A. L. Macpherson—a daughter.
STINSON—Nov. 28, Mrs. Chris. Stinson—a daughter.
WADE—Dec. 3, Mrs. Henry Wade—a son.

Marriages.

TARBUTT—KELLY—At St. Martin's church, Montreal, on
Dec. 6, by Rev. G. Osborne Esq., John A. Tarbutt of
Toronto, to Florence Ethel, daughter of the late Hon.
W. M. Kelly of New Brunswick.
GALBRAITH—WYLLIE—Dec. 13, Frank E. Galbraith to
L. E. Wyllie.
VICARS—BEATTIE—Nov. 30, Annie Beattie to Edward
Vicars.
HOGG—BROWNLEE—Dec. 6, David Hogg to Maggie
Brownlee.
ERB—ARMEL—Dec. 5, George W. Erb to Fannie Armel.
MCDONALD—PARKIN—Dec. 6, Edgar McDowell to Edith
Parkin.
SPARROW—BILIMAN—Dec. 6, Rev. George Sparrow to
Laura Biliman.
WATT—ROBERTSON—Dec. 7, Alfred T. Watt to Madge
Robertson.
STEVENSON—YOUNG—Dec. 6, Dr. W. J. Stevenson to
E. O. Young.
MOORE—WELCH—Dec. 12, B. Herbert Moore to Nellie
Welch.

Deaths.

RICHARDSON—At Eglinton, Dec. 12, Jane Wilson, the
wife of Dr. S. R. Richardson. Funeral private.
MOORE—Dec. 5, B. best Moore, aged 75.
TOOMEY—Dec. 5, Samuel Toomey, aged 70.
TOVE—Dec. 6, Benjamin B. Tove.
GRODDE—Dec. 11, G. W. Allan Grodde.
CROBIE—Dec. 8, Marcellus Crobie, aged 59.
JAFFRAY—Dec. 10, Nellie Jaffray, aged 17.
VERNON—Dec. 10, Marjorie Catharine Vernon, aged 1.
BAIN—Dec. 7, John Bain, Q.C., aged 54.
MACDONALD—Dec. 6, Annie M. Macdonald, aged 54.
MORTON—At Chatham, Emily Morton, aged 51.
MORTON—At Hamilton, David Morton, aged 79.



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Mrs. F. Charlton Black,
15 Denison Square, Toronto.

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Complimentary Concert

TO
Mr. R. B. LINTON

HORTICULTURAL PAVILION

Saturday Evening, December 16

AT 8 P.M.

Miss Florence Brimston
Mrs. H. M. Bright
Mrs. H. M. Bright
Miss Mabel Langstaff
Mrs. Bradley
Mr. Harry M. Bright
Mr. Walter H. Robinson
Mr. T. A. Baker
Mr. Fred Lee
Mr. Harry Simpson
Mr. S. Shaver
Mr. Percy L. Bailey
Mr. Henry F. Blackey

The Toronto Mandolin & Guitar Quartette
Admission 50c. Reserved seats \$1, to be had at Messrs.
Gourlay, Winter & Leeming's.

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TOWNSEND
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THE NIPPON

HAKUBUTSUKWAN

JAPAN

According to instructions we will sell at our

Rooms, 22 King St. West

COMMENCING ON

Tuesday, December 19

AT 3 P. M.

And continuing till all are sold. The finest col-
lection of goods ever offered to the citi-
zens of Toronto, comprising:

Bishni, Owari, Sagesumitsuki, Imari, Tork-
onabe, Makudza and other Porcelain ware,
Bronzes, Carved Ivories, Baskets, Screens,
Kakimonos, Etc., Etc.

NO RESERVE

As our instructions are to close everything out, those
wishing really good articles from the far-off country should
certainly attend this sale.

The whole consignment will be on view on Mon-
day and Catalogues may be had

on application.

TERMS CASH



MONDAY MORNING

DECEMBER 18TH

WE COMMENCE A

CLEARING SALE

Goods on hand will be sold out without any regard to cost or value. Special attention is called to the fact that after December we shall refit our store with new furniture, show cases and fixtures throughout. To let the workmen into our premises as much as possible of the present stock will be closed out this month at Bargain Prices. Call on us early and secure the best selections.

DON'T BUY:

Bracelets
Brooches
Hairpins
Fob Chains
Charms
Locketts
Scarf Pins
Cuff Buttons
Watches
Diamonds
Rings
Jewelry
Tableware
Pictures
Clocks
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89 KING STREET WEST

A WALTHAM COIN SILVER WATCH

FOR \$6 95



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ONE DOLLAR PER SET. FREE BY MAIL.

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ESTABLISHED 1873

Christmas Ladies' Journal

A SUPERB NUMBER

SPECIAL FEATURES.....

Lady Aberdeen—Sketch and beautiful Photo with autograph.

King's Daughters—Article and Photos of Mrs. Tilley, Mrs. Dickinson, Mrs. Davis and Miss A. M. Brown.

Methodist Deaconesses—Descriptive Article by Miss Wetherald, and half-tones of Mrs. Meyer and Sister Dora.

"The Rivals"—A Canadian Christmas Story by Fanny Crawford Firstbrook, a Toronto lady.

"A Woman's Interview with Stead," by Madge Merton.

"Woman's Duty in the Plebscote," by Mrs. Mary McDonnell.

"Grandma and the Rebel," a thrilling story of the Canadian Rebellion of '37, by Kate Westlake Yeigh.

Fashion and all other Departments replete with timely matter.

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STERLING SOAP.

Best and goes farthest.

Manufactured By

WM. LOGAN,

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FURRIERS

To Her Majesty the Queen
Have always on hand a complete stock
...of...

LADIES'
Seal Skin Garments
Shoulder Capes
Ruffs, Muffs
and Gauntlets

FUR LINED GARMENTS A
SPECIALTY

LOWEST POSSIBLE PRICES

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PIANOS are the instru-
ments of the cultured.
To be without one is
to be without a main factor in
musical enjoyment. Tone,
touch and workmanship are
perfection. We solicit corres-
pondence, and will mail illus-
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VALUE \$1000

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We have just opened a CHOICE SELECTION of Rich Cut Glass from this celebrated firm.

Some New Dresden China Boudoir Lamps

Before removing to our new premises in January we offer our ENTIRE STOCK AT SPECIAL PRICES.

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Delivered any address, 6 crates \$1.00; 12 crates \$2.00.

A crate holds as much as a barrel.

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Short Stories Retold.

The story is told of a French comedian who, upon the occasion of his first appearance at the Comedie-Francaise, established his family of eight children in the front row of the balcony, after instructing them that they should cry out gleefully upon his entrance, which instructions they carried out faithfully, exclaiming, as with one voice, "Bravo, papa!"—*Vogue*.

A somewhat pretentious youth was enlarging, in Professor Jowett's presence, on "our debt to France." To France we owe our art, the best of our literature, etc. "Do you know," said Jowett, "what is inscribed over the gate of hell?" The youth quoted Dante's well known line. "No," was the reply, "the inscription is 'Ici on parle Français.'"—*Argonaut*.

Once a Gradgrind sort of a man confused an American girl who was telling how much she liked Rome. The Coliseum, in particular, received plenty of adjectives. Then said the serious-faced man: "So you saw the Coliseum in Rome?" "Yes, indeed!" "Which one?" And he had his reward in her confusion; she was not sure which Coliseum she had seen, after that solemn assumption that it had a double.—*Boston Transcript*.

A Boston clergyman tells me that a short time ago he was anxious to refer to a book called *Seekers After God*. Ransacking book stores and libraries in vain for it, he finally called to mind that a Chicago friend, also a clergyman, had frequently quoted from the book, so he wrote him to look about in Chicago book stores, and buy the book for him as soon as possible. By telegram came the startling reply: "No *Seekers After God*, in Chicago."—*Boston Globe*.

William the Fourth of England seemed in a momentary dilemma one day when, at table with several officers, he ordered one of the waiters to "Take away that marine there," pointing to an empty bottle. "Your Majesty," enquired a colonel of marines, "do you compare an empty bottle to a member of our branch of the service?" "Yes," replied the monarch, as if a sudden thought had struck him. "I mean to say it has done its duty once, and is ready to do it again."

The other day I was told of a little girl who attended a distribution of prizes given by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. She had won, you must know, a book as a reward for writing the best essay on the subject given, and, with the other successful children, was undergoing a *rite* examination. "Well, my dear," said the gentleman who had given away the prizes, "can you tell me why it is cruel to dock horses' tails and trim dogs' ears?" "Because," answered the little girl, "what God has joined together let no man put asunder."—*Leisure Hour*.

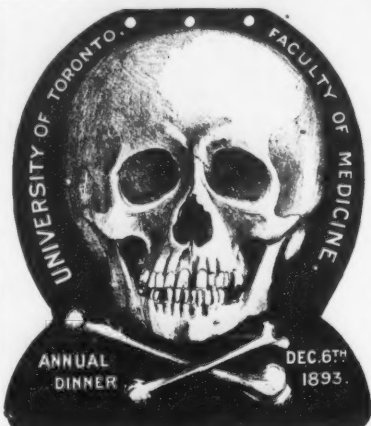
Two young men of Louisville, salesmen in a dry goods store, hired bicycles and took a spin into the country. When they were perhaps ten miles out, they decided to have a race. One of them got far ahead of the other, and, in dashing around a turn, ran into a pile of stones. The wheel was demolished and the rider found himself lying among the spokes. An old woman, who happened to be passing, was met by the second rider. "My good woman," said he, "have you seen a young man riding a bicycle on ahead?"

"No," said the woman; "but I saw a young man up the road a spell ago who was sittin' on the ground mendin' umbrellas."—*Courier-Journal*.

A young physician is engaged to a young lady and is permitted to visit her three times a week. The mother of the young lady arranged to have her little nephew with her on these visiting days to keep guard over the decorum of the young couple while she attended to her household duties. During one of these visits, mamma desired to speak to her daughter and entered the room abruptly. She was amazed to see her seated on the physician's lap with both arms twined about his neck, while her nephew was groping about the room with his eyes tightly bandaged with the young man's handkerchief. "Doc'or," the angry woman exclaimed, "what does this mean?" But before the embarrassed couple could reply, her nephew answered: "Why, aunty, he's teaching me to play blind-man's buff. Don't you think it's nice?"—*Ec*.

On the second night that the Massachusetts naval reserves were at sea on their recent cruise on the San Francisco, one of the amateur tars was on the watch. He was a Boston man. The night was clear and beautiful, but there was no moon. Suddenly the reserve sang out: "Light ahoy!" "Where away?" asked the officer. "Far, far away!" replied the would-be man-o-war man. When the officer had recovered from the shock occasioned by this unseamanlike answer, he looked over the rail in the direction pointed out by the man from Boston. Then he had another fit. "What's the matter with you?" he growled out; "can't you recognize the rising moon when you see it?" "Moon! Moon!" stammered the embryo sea dog; "I beg your pardon, sir." Then he shouted, as if making amends for his error: "Moon ahoy!"—*Argonaut*.

Everyone in Boston knows of old John the Orangeman, that picturesque and almost historical personage who presides over the affections of all Harvard men. And everyone who knows John knows also that his life's motto is that familiar phrase which expresses briefly and to the point the wish that Yale may be forever relegated to the region of sorrow and perpetual darkness. One afternoon strangers were walking through the yard at Harvard and on every hand they saw the college seal bearing this motto: "Christo et Ecclesie." Not being on speaking terms with Cicero, Caesar and the other Romans, this did nothing but to arouse their curiosity. Finally they met John. "I say!" said one of the visitors, "I see these words everywhere. Can you tell me what they mean?" John looked carefully at the Latin inscription, bit his pipe a little harder and then replied gravely: "O! don't jist know, fr'nd, but O! tink it means 'To h— wid Yale!'"—*Boston Budget*.



THINGS are not what they used to be! When the esteemed gentleman whose portrait is given above, was in the flesh—and although he doesn't look it, he was one of the jolliest, jokinest gentlemen that ever attended an annual dinner—say, while his meat still clothed him and his tongue gave forth the 'Varsity yell, many things were different from what they are at present. In his day at Toronto Medical Dinners one pint of sherry was not made to serve a ninety-foot table. In his day the students had a student life which the Faculty respected. The Boards and Senates, professors and principals and authorities in general of our universities and colleges admitted that they had no more right to interfere in certain areas traditionally set apart for the students, than had the great unwashed public. The student in residence, after observing certain general regulations, stood in his room like an Emperor in his palace, or better still, an Englishman at his hearthstone. But now, bless you, the student is a shivering creature, knowing not what his rights are, nor when he is liable to a fine, or at what moment the hose will begin to play to his dancing. Class relations are no longer left to adjust themselves as in former times. The imposing of fines is the panacea for all ills—the Great 'Varsity Specific. The regulations are becoming as minute and strict and unromantic as those of an Orphan Industrial Home. In a few years the students will be supplied with handkerchiefs by contract and be required to blow their noses willy-nilly when the clock strikes. If the present reign of iconoclasm is not overthrown and the influence of the great, unscholastic street mob in the inner life of universities weakened, there will not be, in twenty-five years, one residence college in Canada. A university course will become an ignominious scramble



for money prizes and scholarships, free lunches and cheap careers. The *Alma Mater* will mean nothing. Those who can will send their sons abroad to colleges where discipline is maintained by reliance upon the honor of the student rather than upon the agency of a hose reel or the sordid menace of cash fines. When we all reach the polished ripeness of our esteemed friend whose portrait is given above, what will the picaresque interferences of the authorities have advantaged those who instigated them?

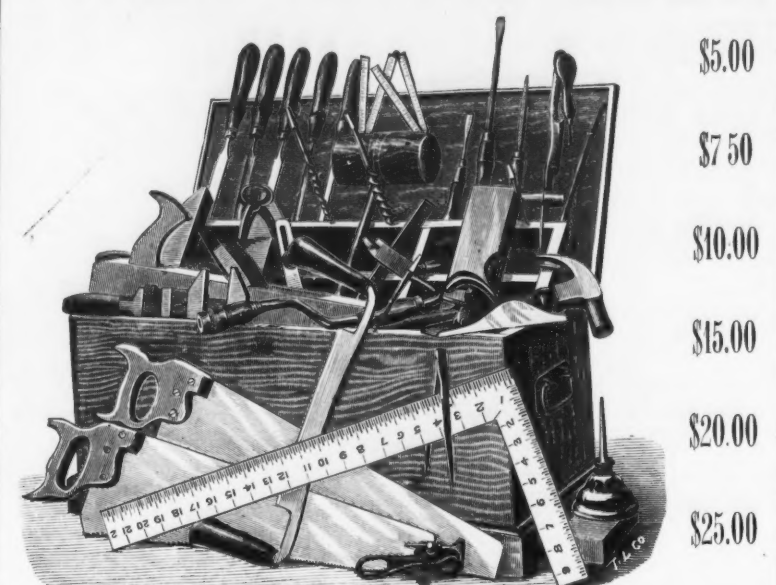
Fully four hundred students and guests sat around the Rossin House tables on Thursday evening of last week at the Toronto Medical School dinner. The chair was occupied by Mr. W. H. Alexander, president of the dinner committee, and at the guests' table with him were: Mr. D. R. Wikie, president of the Board of Trade, Principal Dixon of the U. C. C., Vice-Chancellor Mulock, Principal Caven, Dr. Cameron, Mr. W. S. Lee, Hon. G. W. Ross, Dr. J. J. MacLaren, Q. C., Dr. Richardson, Dr. John Caven, Dr. U. Ogden, Dr. Primrose, Dr. A. H. Wright, Dr. A. B. McCallum, Dr. W. B. Caven, Prof. Ellis, Prof. Mavor, Dr. Willmott, Dr. Gordon, Dr. E. E. Ketchum, Dr. A. Smith, Dr. O'Reilly, Dr. Graham and Dr. Peters. Letters of regret at unavoidable absence were read from His Excellency the Governor-General, Lieut. Governor Kirkpatrick, Sir Oliver Mowat, Mr. W. H. Meredith, Mr. J. Ross Robertson, President Loudon, Mr. E. E. Sheppard, Dr. W. A. Thomson, past president, Chancellor Burwash and others.

Mr. Alexander made the introductory speech, after which the toast to the Queen was honored. Vice-President Sheahan proposed the toast to Canada and Dr. Richardson replied. Toronto University was proposed by Mr. Don Armour and responded to by Vice-Chancellor Mulock and Mr. Alfred Baker. Prof. B. A. Campbell proposed 'Varsity Faculty', which was responded to by Dean Ogden, Prof. Graham and Dr. McFarlane and Adam Wright. In responding to The Local Legislature, proposed by Mr. Simpson, Hon. Geo. W. Ross made a stirring address. Other toasts were: Other Professors, replied to by Mr. D. R. Wikie and Mr. J. J. MacLaren; Toronto General and Victoria Hospitals, replied to by W. S. Lee and Dr. O'Reilly; Sister Institutions, responded to by Rev. Principal Caven and Dr. Gordon; Graduates and Graduating Class, Undergraduates of Sister Institutions, The Press, The Ladies and Freshmen.

The officers in charge of the dinner were: Hon. Member, Dr. I. H. Cameron; president, W. H. Alexander; first vice-president, J. Sheahan; second vice-president, E. L. Roberts; honorary secretary, Frank W. Smith. Committee—4th year, B. A. Campbell, D. J. Armour, B. A.; 3rd year, G. Simpson, J. S. Sloan and H. W. Miller; 2nd year, H. H. Ross, R. H. Somers, J. H. Miller; 1st year, D. Mc-



A USEFUL CHRISTMAS PRESENT



RICE LEWIS & SON LIMITED

KING STREET, TORONTO

Gillivray, G. H. Jackson, J. H. Mullin, J. H. Cummings.

As at the Trinity dinner of last Friday some of the speeches were long and full of business. Vice-Chancellor Mulock's speech cannot be regarded in any light but as a reply to the speech of Dean Geikie at the Trinity dinner. The latter had attacked the principle of State Aid and Medical Colleges and Mr. Mulock defended the principle. One opinion the students seem to be gathering is this, that State Aid involves state interference; or, in other words, public grants are followed by public influence, so that in time colleges will lose their distinctive characteristics and be conformed to the common place mould of the Public School System.

Mr. Don Armour sang a topical song rich with his intelligence to the students and their friends. It is fashioned after "You Must Ask the Man in the Moon," as sung in Wang.

The students of Trinity seem Football to have on the brain, But I vow It looks now As if they'd had enough of the game. Of baseball they're weary also, A new game would be a great boon, Will Trinity win When marbles come in?

You must ask of the man in the moon. Toronto's city so good! No cars can on Sunday be run, And we me'd To our beds Must go quietly home without fun. The faculty, too, must not sing Nor enliven their way with a tune, Will "Dook" Adam H. Wright Be arrested to-night? You must ask of the man in the moon.

Our hospital's a subject of pride And our surgeons a good deal do know, But a host To the most To opera/one in the theater go. The students would like to look on But the doctors take up all the room, Will "Dook" Spencer be there To give Charlie a chair? You must ask of the man in the moon.

He Made the Bishop Sit Down. Prompted by the feeling that it was his duty, the bishop remonstrated with one of his clergy for attending a local hunt.

"Well, your lordship," replied the offender, "I really do not see that there is any more harm in hunting than in going to a ball."

"I presume," answered the bishop, "that you refer to having seen my name down among those who attended Lady Somerville's ball. But I assure you throughout the whole evening I was not once in the same room as the dancers."

"That, my lord, is exactly how I stand. I was never in the same field with the hounds. That the bishop sat down."—*Pearson's Weekly*.

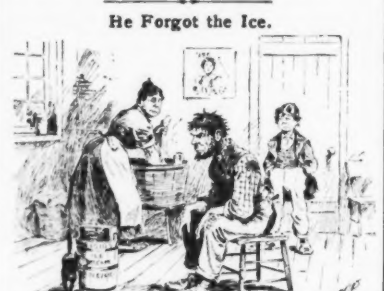
"Your Health, Sir."

"Did you ever observe the different evidences of cordiality among the *ban vivants* of the Southern States when they come to drink one's health in a bar room or at a dinner table?" asked a well known Georgia politician yesterday as he puffed away at a good cigar and leaned himself against the post lazily. Nobody had observed them.

"Well, the Ken-uckian says, as he lifts the straight whisky to his lips: 'Here's at you, my boy!' and his companion, nodding, replies: 'Drink hearty' and the drinks go down. The Texan pours out his liquor and says carelessly, but politely withal, 'My kindest,' and the other fellow says, 'Same here,' and they drink. "The Georgian stands and talks a moment before taking up the bottle, and talks all the time, scarcely noticing his action as he pours out the rye and calls for pollianna. Then he stands and talks a moment longer, for Georgians, you know, are never in a hurry. When finally he comes to think about the drink he lifts his glass and says, 'Well, here goes, chap!' The other fellow replies, 'Let 'er go,' and she goes on the spot. The man from Louisiana, particularly if he comes from New Orleans, says in a nervous little spasm of cordiality, 'Long life to you,' and his companion, from Louisiana, too, answers with characteristic wit, 'Send it south, send it south,'

and south she goes. The Virginian calls for 'mint juleps, and while you are making them give us a little whisky straight.' Taking up the glass he bows his head after the olden style and says 'Happy days,' and the other fellow answers, 'And yours happier,' and thus they all take their drinks with wondrous graciousness and with becoming cordiality.

"Of course there are some changes to these phrases from lip to lip, but as a rule they are the sentiments of the fellows from the States as I have named them when it comes to taking a drink. I ought to know, for I reckon I have taken drinks with about as many of them as the next one."—*Atlanta Constitution*.



Mr. O'Hoolihan—Bad luck to the mon that sold me the dom humber! I've turned the crank till I'm too tired I could do, and nary a soign is there of a freeze yet!

"Please, ma'am," said the boy, "can't you help me? I have to support a wife an' three children."

"You! Why, you're not old enough to be married."

"No; but me father is. It's his wife and three children I has to support."—*Harper's Bazar*.

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Trinity Talk.

THE end of the term and the uninviting prospect of Christmas examinations have made things comparatively quiet about college lately. Truly these are the dog days of this term; everybody seems to be "awotting," and with the exception of the whist fever that is now prevalent, the inevitable work seems to have cast over all things a gloom.

The Banjo and Guitar Club have been practicing faithfully under the direction of Mr. Chas. Richards, and hope to be in good shape for the coming season. The club will most likely take part in the Farland concert on January 5, in Association Hall. Several new members have added considerably to the strength of the club.

A very good photograph of the Divinity Class Champions of the Inter-year series appeared this week. The team is well grouped, the individual photos also excellent, and the championship cup shows out to good advantage, and all things considered it will be a great addition to the picture gallery in the Common Room.

La grippe has not passed the college by in its course, and has claimed several victims here. However, the attacks have all been of a mild nature, lasting not more than two or three days. Messrs. Chadwick, Spencer, Sanders, Chattanach and Beecher were among the unfortunates, but are all, happily, convalescent.

Instead of the Scrap of Paper, as announced, the Dramatic Club have decided on the comedy *Betty* for January 26 and 27. Besides the performance here, efforts are being made to secure the Opera House in Hamilton for a subsequent date.

F. A. P. Chadwick, B. A., and H. B. Robertson, '94, were Trinity's delegates to the O. R. F. U. meeting on Saturday last.

Mr. E. C. Clark, of the class of '93, graduates at the end of this term, and will shortly afterwards leave for Washington, D.C., where he intends to study law. We are all sorry to lose Mr. Clark, and the Banjo Club, of which he was one of the originators, will be minus the services of a valuable member.

Victoria Vagaries.

RED AND BLACK.
GREAT amusement was caused this week by a proclamation which appeared on the students' bulletin board. It seems that one of the undergraduates considered that the college journal *Acta Victoriana* had been needlessly hard in its comments on some of his actions and in this wonderful document he repudiated his subscription and virulently attacked the management. If he really were hurt by the comment he took a very foolish way of avenging it, and he will find that he has not made the remainder of his course any easier by his precipitate action.

On Saturday last the sophomores and the freshmen played their first match game at alley. Messrs. Fisher, Dandy, Irwin and Parry represented the victors of '96, while Messrs. Evans, Swinnerton, O'Flynn and Young were the vanquished of '97.

It has been a time-honored custom in our college that the freshman class shall clean the snow off the alley-board, and when the Terminator of '96 this year served notice on the president of '97, no trouble was anticipated. The freshmen, however, seem to be made of sterner stuff, and consequently the past week has been taken up with meetings of the respective classes to discuss ways and means. Meanwhile the rest of the college is impatiently awaiting results, and the sophomores are responsible for the removal of the fleecy material.

Mr. B. J. Hales ('94) represented this college at the annual dinner of the Toronto School of Medicine last week.

The College Glee Club participated in a concert at Davisville and seem to have won an enviable reputation for capacity.

The amusement created by the proclamation mentioned above was as nothing compared to that afforded by a picture displayed this week in which the specialists, i.e., the young men who are appointed by the various conferences to attend college for special work and who are not regular undergraduates in arts, appeared in borrowed plumage, or in other words, academic costume.

At the Literary Society meeting on Friday

evening, Mr. Walter Foucar, '94, was appointed to represent our college at the annual convocation of Queen's University, Kingston, on Friday evening, December 15.

BLUE AND BLACK.

'Varsity Chat.

LECTURES in the University close on Wednesday, December 20, and reopen on Thursday, January 4. The students, however, will probably see to it that they do not commence till the Monday or Tuesday following.

Examinations are in the air, rather strong around the college. By the new system instituted a year or so ago the two lower years are called upon to face what are called Terminal Examinations in the pass subjects of their departments. Freshmen and Sophomores will be busily occupied next week. These now hold the students in town till the end of the session, whereas formerly the professors used to talk to the backs of the benches during the same period of the year.

Mr. J. H. Brown has assigned his position as editor-in-chief of *The Varsity* for next term owing to the pressure of work, and at a meeting of the directorate to consider the question of a successor Mr. D. M. Duncan was elected to edit the journal the rest of the year. Mr. Duncan, as his predecessor, is a classical student of the senior year and has had considerable experience in journalism. The last number of the paper was under his management, and by his editorial he has shown his ability to put his ideas on paper in a terse and interesting style. By the way, it seems rather a strange coincidence that the past editors of *The Varsity* have been generally classical men. Of the seven editors of *'Varsity* since its management by the students, four have been men in the Honor Department of Classics, viz.: Messrs. J. A. McLean, Hellems, Brown and the new editor-elect; one was a Modern Language student, Mr. W. S. McLean, while Natural Science and Political Science each have had a representative in Messrs. R. H. Knox and R. S. Strath.

Mr. Walter H. Robinson, conductor of 'Varsity Glee Club, has been appointed musical director in Wycliffe College.

Another fifteen dollars has been added to the funds of the University as a result of the recent "hustle" at the Biological building. Of the three students concerned in the affair, one was fined ten dollars and another five dollars, while the third, representing himself as only a victim and not an offender, was let go in consideration of his rights of self-defence as a British subject.

Professors Hutton, McCallum and Alexander have been confined to their homes with la grippe. Mr. Durand, curator, was also ill with bronchitis, but has recovered.

The Modern Language Club held a successful open meeting last Monday afternoon. Prof. Keys gave a paper on Oliver Wendell Holmes, which was one of the best that has ever been read before the society. The author spoke especially strong on the desirability of a good acquaintance with American literature by Canadians. Mr. C. A. Chant, Fellow in Physics, read an instructive essay on James Russell Lowell and the Bigelow papers. This meeting closed the work of the club for this term. Next year will be given what promises to be an exceedingly entertaining lecture by Prof. Fraser on his tour in Italy. It will be illustrated by upwards of sixty lime light views.

'Varsity hockey started off well in a recent practice match with Victoria Hockey Club, resulting in 'Varsity's favor by five scores to two. The team for the College was: Culbert, Peaker, W. A. Gilmour, J. Gilmour, Bradley, A. F. Barr, F. A. Walters.

Mr. C. A. Moss was elected on Friday evening of last week by the Literary Society to represent 'Varsity at Queen's Annual Convocation last night. Mr. Moss left yesterday morning for Kingston.

The 'Varsity Glee Club programme is completed now, and the boys will leave on the annual tour next Tuesday, and will sing in Belleville that evening, Brockville on Wednesday evening, Ottawa on Thursday evening, while Friday will close the tour with a concert at Peterboro'. The soloists will be Laurie Boyd, W. J. Knox and W. McKay. The Governor-General has invited the Club to Rideau Hall for Wednesday evening, but that evening has been billed for Brockville. About thirty-five members will be in the party, about half of whom belong to the Banjo and Guitar Club under Mr. George Smedley. Mr. Robinson, conductor, will accompany the club.

Mr. H. P. Biggar, '94, left this week for South

Aiken, South Carolina, where he will remain for a month to recuperate after his recent illness.

Mr. George Claves was last Monday unanimously chosen captain of 'Varsity Rugby Club for another year. The new captain was elected under the new system, by which only the members of the retiring club have a voice in the choice of the new captain. Mr. Claves visited New York to witness the Yale-Princeton game, and reports that we have nothing to learn from their game, though they play it more thoroughly than we do ours.

Mock Parliament held its session this week on Thursday night. The History Society changed the evening of meeting on account of Victoria convocation, which conflicted with the regular night of meeting. AARON.

New Books and Magazines.

John R. Musick of Kirkville, Mo., was visited by a great inspiration when he conceived the idea of his *Columbian Historical Novels*. In twelve romances he views the four centuries between the discovery of America and the present year. In the first volume he sends Hernando Estevan as cabin boy with Christopher Columbus on his first voyage of discovery. In the second volume a son of Hernando becomes the hero and his adventures lie with Pizarro in Peru, De Soto among the marshes of Florida and Balboa in Darien. This volume treats of those great triumphs, the first view of the Pacific ocean and the discovery of the Mississippi. The next volume, St. Augustine, has Francisco, a son of this Estevan, for hero and treats of the religious warfare between the Catholics and Huguenots, with the massacre and extermination that occurred in Florida between 1560 and 1585—the mad settlers of one starving outpost in the wilderness swooping down and massacring men, women and children of another settlement, all in the name of religion and to the extreme perplexity of the heathen Indians, whom each faction sought to Christianize and make participants in the shedding of blood. Pocahontas comes next, the period being from 1586 until about 1625. Although Captain John Smith is the real hero, yet, from the standpoint of a novel, Philip Stevens is the hero. Stevens is the Spanish name Estevan Anglicized, and Philip is of that family. The story of Pocahontas is famous but is woven now into an historical romance of surpassing interest. Volume V., *The Pilgrims*, carries us into the New England of 1620-1644. The story opens with the flight of the pilgrims into Holland, embarks them on the Mayflower and thence to the colony of Massachusetts. It is a story of romance and peril. A Century too Soon is the next volume, treating of the ineffectual rebellion in the seventeenth century, just a hundred years before the colonies gained their independence. The Witch of Salem comes next, covering the period of dark superstition and cruelty from 1680 to 1700. This is one of the most picturesque stories of the series. Then follows Braddock (1700-1760), a story of the French and Indian wars, introducing the young man Washington, followed by volume nine, *Independence*, in which the events of the great revolution are set out in a way to delight the patriotic American. Volume ten is entitled *Sustained Honor*, a story of 1812, which of course is equally gratifying to American taste. The last two volumes (XI and XII) are not yet from the press, but Funk & Wagnalls, 11 Richmond street west, Toronto, will soon have them on sale. Through all these stories the one family of Estevan, (afterwards Stevens) runs continuously, twelve generations completing the chain from the day of Columbus to our own time. Each book is complete, depending in no particular upon those before or after it, and the series teaches American history in a way no study could do. Mr. Musick has made laborious research for his basic facts, and the result is a series of books that should be in every Mechanics' Institute and public library in the country, notwithstanding the intensely American flavor of the later volumes.

The F. H. Revell Company, corner Yonge and Temperance streets, successors to the Willard Tract Repository and the Presbyterian News Company, is making a great specialty of handily bound books for the holiday trade. The idea that this house confines itself exclusively to religious books is erroneous, for all the good literature of the world is kept on display. All the poets, standard works of fiction, philosophy, travel and adventure are there. A Gift of Love by Rose Porter is one of the handsomest little books I ever saw. It is bound in white vellum cloth, illuminated in silver and white, and adorned with a bunch of beautiful pansies, colored to life. Gorgeous calendars for 1894 got up in the rarest taste and ranging in price from a quarter to several dollars—an ornament

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Bridget Didn't Like It.

She was a young wife just married from boarding-school, one of the lovey dovey order, and although educated in Boston didn't know beans from any other vegetable. Hence this dialogue with the cook:

"Now, Briddy, dear, what are we to have for dinner?"

"There's two chickens to dress, mum."

"I'll dress them the first thing. Where are their clothes?"

"Holy Moses, mum, they're in their feathers yet!"

"Oh, then serve them that way. The ancient Romans always cooked their peacocks with the feathers on. It will be a surprise to hubby."

"It will that, mum. Sure if you want to help you could be parin' the turnips."

"Oh, how sweet! I'll pair them two and two in no time. Why, I had no idea cooking was so picturesque!"

"I think, mum, that washing the celery do be more in your line."

"All right, Briddy. I'll take it up to the bathroom, and I've some lovely Paris soap that will take off every speck."

"Thank you, mum. Would you mind telling me the name of the asylum where you were educated? I think I'll have to take some lessons there myself if we be goin' to work together."—*Detroit Free Press*.

Dark Revenge.

Two colored women were conversing about a neighbor.

"I see gwinter hab de law on dat niggah."

"Dat will make it wass. Why don't you go ober dar an cuss her for all she am wuff?"

"I see bound ter hab de lay on her, because dar 'no satisfashun in cussin' her."

"Why ain't dar no satisfashun in cussin' her?"

"Bekase she has done los' her hearin'. I has been cussin' her steady for de last six muns and I didn't find out till yesterday dat she los' her hearin' befoah she was bound. I see bound ter hab de law on her or scald her, which ebber am de wussast."—*Texas Siftings*.

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